

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

It is now a commonplace of criticism that the books of the Bible were written to convey, not historical or other scientific fact, but moral guidance and spiritual truth. Their writers' object is not education but edification.

When this was first recognized it was somewhat keenly resented. And a curious situation arose. Those who went most frequently to the Bible for edification were the most reluctant of all to acknowledge that edification was its only end. If its historical accuracy is questioned, they said, where will its authority be?

Its authority for historical accuracy will certainly be impaired. That is the only answer that can be given. But if that is not the authority which the Bible claims to possess; and if the authority which it does claim to possess is mightier, if it is so much mightier that that authority is lost sight of within its vast proportions, then it may truly be said that its authority as a Bible is not impaired.

Those who insist upon a scientific as well as a spiritual authority for the Bible, point out how difficult it is to find one absolutely undeniable error in it. But that does not prove that the writers of the Bible made themselves responsible for scientific accuracy. It proves that the feeling for truth, which is so characteristic of them,

usually finds truth all round. The 'conscience as the noonday clear' sees clearly. Instinctively it recognizes the fact whenever it comes over its horizon. But whereas spiritual truth is of all time and may belong to Moses as authoritatively as to Paul, scientific truth is of the year and the day.

Certainly there are degrees of authority, both scientific and spiritual. It may be said that the Fourth Gospel is more authoritative spiritually and less authoritative historically than the Synoptic Gospels. The difference is ably discussed in a book, entitled *The Renaissance of Jesus*, which has been written by a minister of the United Free Church of Scotland, the Rev. J. R. CAMERON, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.). Mr. CAMERON does not deny the historical accuracy of the Fourth Gospel. Like others, the more he studies it, the more is he impressed with its simple scientific truthfulness. He quotes the experience of Dr. E. A. ABBOTT, 'I find that the Fourth Gospel, in spite of its poetic character, is closer to history than I had supposed.' He even says that there is a sense in which it is the most historic of the four Gospels, for 'it makes us feel more keenly than the rest the something deeply interfused in word and deed, in life and death, the presence or the personality that informs the whole and *is* the whole.'

But, in spite of that, in spite also of his insistence on the historicity of the facts which underlie all the spirituality of this Gospel—especially the one magisterial fact that ‘the Word became flesh and dwelt among us’—Mr. CAMERON holds it true to say that there is a difference in authority between the first three Gospels and the Fourth. And if the Fourth Gospel is the most authoritative, as he believes it is, that is due not to its historical accuracy, but to its spiritual worth.

For the authority of the spirit is higher than the authority of the letter. Even if it is to be admitted that in respect of historical happening the Synoptic Gospels are more to be relied upon than St. John, that will not give them greater authority over us. The difference between the authority of the letter and of the spirit is as the difference between the authority of the law and of the gospel.

Now there are those who feel ill at ease until they make the gospel such an authority over their life as was the law over the Jews. If Jesus says, ‘Give to him that asketh of thee,’ they give. They do not understand that in so doing they deny that Jesus came to fulfil the law and the prophets; they make it out that He simply came to repeat them. They forget that while the law was given by Moses, grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

The law is one thing, grace and truth is another. Between them is all the difference which Christ makes. And just in this do we find the authoritative advantage which St. John possesses. For it is he and not the Synoptists who uses this phrase, and by means of it (to quote Mr. CAMERON’s words) ‘compasses both the inwardness and the outwardness of the historic magnitude of Jesus.’

The *historic* magnitude. For, as he goes on to say, ‘the narrative in the Fourth Gospel is historical in the sense that more than any other it conveys the impression of a person full, as it says, of grace and truth, full of a marvellous personal influence or effluence which not only changed men through

and through (“Thou art Simon, thou shalt be called Cephas”), but became in them a fount of kindred life to others. The narrative is rich in poetry, mysticism, impressionism, but history is as much a thing of impression as of fact; and if the secret of a personality is ever to be told, it needs the genius of the artist, the insight of the seer, to do it. The seer may wander far indeed from the trodden ways of time, just as in art he may wander far from any actual scene or landscape in his effort to convey the spirit of Nature as a whole, but in neither case does it mean that the seer abandons fact and trusts to phantasy alone. It means rather that through a deeper reach and reading of the facts he is able to divine their inner truth, and adapts and uses them to set it forth. The result may not be history as a record or synopsis of the past, but it may be history as a revelation of the life, and one may take it that the Fourth Gospel is history in this wider sense.’

Why are the members of the Society of Friends unwilling to go to war? The best answer we have seen, since this war began, is found in a small volume entitled *War from the Quaker Point of View* (Headley Brothers; 1s. 6d. net). The author of it is Mr. John W. GRAHAM, M.A., Principal of Dalton Hall, in the University of Manchester. In a word, Mr. GRAHAM’s answer is ‘the teaching of Christ.’ It seems to him that our Lord forbids His followers to engage in war.

The conscience of the Quakers is not instructed by the teaching of Christ alone. The doctrine of the inner light enables them to be critics of the written word, and they recognize the peril of trusting to ‘fading words of Greek manuscripts, handed down through perilous centuries and copied into modern print.’ They know that they ‘must have something living to meet the living foe, and happily,’ says Mr. GRAHAM, ‘we have that living Presence. God has not left Himself without a witness. It is because we cannot defile the living Christ within that we cannot join in war.’

But in spite of that, it is to the teaching of Christ upon the earth that the Quaker ever returns. He is content with the evidence for its authenticity. Throughout this able and temperate defence of the Quaker attitude to war, Principal GRAHAM makes his appeal constantly to the words which were spoken by Christ.

Now when you take the words which were spoken by Christ separately and quite literally, there is no difficulty in understanding them. The difficulty is in getting them to agree. There is one passage in particular which has given the Quakers trouble from the beginning, and gives them trouble still. Mr. GRAHAM calls it 'the two swords passage.'

Let us read it in the Authorized Version: 'And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing. Then said he unto them, But now, he that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip: and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment, and buy one. For I say unto you, that this that is written must yet be accomplished in me, And he was reckoned among the transgressors: for the things concerning me have an end. And they said, Lord, behold, here are two swords. And he said unto them, It is enough' (Lk 22³⁵⁻³⁸). The Revisers made only one alteration of any consequence. Instead of 'for the things concerning me have an end,' they substituted 'for that which concerneth me hath fulfilment.' That alteration will be looked at in a moment.

This passage, then, puzzles the Quakers. It seems to be in contradiction to the teaching of Christ elsewhere, and to be itself contradicted a few verses later. For we are told that almost immediately after, when one of them smote the servant of the high priest and struck off his right ear, Jesus answered and said, 'Suffer ye thus far'; to which in St. Matthew's Gospel it is added, 'Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.'

How does Mr. GRAHAM meet the difficulty? In the first place, he suggests that the reference to prophecy is an addition of the Evangelist. It is that reference, he says, that induced the Revisers to change 'the things concerning me have an end' into 'that which concerneth me hath fulfilment.' Whereby the Revisers blundered. For the Greek word here is nowhere else translated 'fulfilment,' and nowhere else is it used for the fulfilment of prophecy. It is the ordinary word for 'end' (τέλος). Dr. MOFFATT translates, 'Yes, there is an end to all that refers to me.' A strikingly similar sentence occurs in Mk 3²⁶, 'If Satan hath risen up against himself, and is divided, he cannot stand, but hath an end.' So, in the second place, Mr. GRAHAM meets the difficulty of the passage by saying that for the moment Christ had dropped His ideal of non-resistance, *having lost heart*.

He had lost heart. The burden had become too heavy. The high hope He once had that the men whom He had chosen would be able to make disciples of all the nations, without the use of retaliation, had for the moment left Him. All was lost: 'the things concerning me have an end.' Now they must take money in their purse and a sword in their hand, and go forth to subdue the earth as other pioneers had done.

This is Professor GRAHAM's explanation. The disciples took His words literally, though they did not see the despair that was in them. 'Lord,' they said, 'behold, here are two swords.' And He said, 'Enough, enough' (ἰκανόν ἐστί).

The disciples did not understand Him. And, so far as Principal GRAHAM knows, the Church has never understood Him. For he thinks that the Church has been too timid in respect of Christ's humanity. If this scene is so interpreted he holds that it brings Christ much nearer to the human heart. And he does not believe that it stands alone. This use of the word 'end' bids him look again at the words, 'It is finished' (τετέλεσται). Is that an exclamation of triumph? He does not

think so. He thinks it is an exclamation of despair. He regards it as parallel to the cry, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' And when he thinks of that cry, he does not wonder that Jesus had His moment of depression before the betrayal.

We are often assured that the conflict between science and religion has come to an end. The assurance, however, comes most frequently from the side of religion. On the part of science the most recent and most confident attitude is that this conflict will come to an end only with the end of religion.

For religion, we are told, rests on ignorance. As science diminishes the area of our ignorance of the world, it drives religion ever into a smaller corner of it. Let knowledge grow from more to more. In course of time it will have covered the whole universe, and religion will automatically cease to be.

Hear Professor SHOTWELL of Columbia University in his book on *The Religious Revolution of To-day*. 'Science renounces authority, cuts athwart custom, violates the sacred, rejects the myths.' Again, 'Science is moving the mystery farther and farther from the sphere of daily life and action, destroying taboos, and building up a world of rational experience; and if religion is nothing but the submission to mystery, it is doomed.' And again, 'The battle between science and the old religion has been a real one, and the result in any case is not the defeat of science.'

Is that not clear enough? Then listen to Professor Gilbert MURRAY of Oxford University. Religion, says Professor MURRAY, 'essentially deals with the uncharted region of human experience.' And again, 'A large part of human life has been thoroughly surveyed and explored; we understand the causes at work; and we are not bewildered by the problems. That is the domain of positive knowledge. But all round us on every

side there is an uncharted region, just fragments of the fringe of it explored, and those imperfectly; it is with this that religion deals. . . . Agriculture, for instance, used to be entirely a question of religion; now it is almost entirely a question of science. In antiquity, if a field was barren, the owner of it would probably assume that the barrenness was due to "pollution," or offence somewhere. He would run through all his possible offences, or at any rate those of his neighbours and ancestors, and when he eventually decided the cause of the trouble, the steps he would take would all be of a kind calculated, not to affect the chemical constitution of the soil, but to satisfy his own emotions of guilt and terror, or the imaginary emotions of the imaginary being he had offended. A modern man in the same predicament would probably not think of religion at all, at any rate in the earlier stages; he would say that it was a case for deeper plowing or for basic slag.' These things says Professor Gilbert MURRAY in his book on *Four Stages of Greek Religion*.

And these things are plain. If Professor SHOTWELL hedges his position somewhat with 'ifs' and 'buts,' and obscures it a little by queries and conditions, Professor MURRAY has neither hedging nor obscurity. We have been comfortably assured that science has begun to recognize its limits. Science, he says, has no limits. Give it time, and no place will be found for religion; science will be all in all.

What are we to say? Dr. C. J. KEYSER has two things to say. Dr. KEYSER is Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University—and therefore colleague to Professor SHOTWELL. Under the title of *Science and Religion* (Oxford University Press; 3s. 6d. net) he has published an address which he delivered last year before the Phi Beta Kappa Alumni in New York. In that address he quotes the authors whom we have quoted, and then he answers them.

The first thing he says in answer is that science

will never cover the universe. He takes it for granted at first that religion is simply ignorance. He admits, for the sake of argument, that as knowledge advances religion will recede. He recognizes gladly the progress that science is making, and allows at least the possibility that its progress will be still more rapid in the future. But let its progress be as rapid as the mind of man is able to conceive, science will never embrace the universe. For the universe is infinity. The universe is perfection. And however near man may come to infinity he will never reach it. However nearly perfect his knowledge may be, there will still be a little space left for that ignorance which is called religion.

The other thing which Professor KEYSER says is that science can never occupy one foot of the territory of religion. Science and religion do not come into contact. They belong to different spheres. The one is rational, the other is super-rational. To say that scientific knowledge is going to increase until it drives religion out of its last foothold, is to say that the earth will gradually encroach upon the atmosphere, until there is no air left to breathe.

Another volume of essays by Cambridge men has been published. The editor is Canon F. J. FOAKES-JACKSON, and the title is *The Faith and the War* (Macmillan; 5s. net).

Look at the title again. It is not 'Faith and the War,' but 'The Faith and the War.' Some of the essays are on the Faith, and some are on the War; they are not all on the relation of the War to Christianity. Professor Percy GARDNER deals with 'Providence and the Individual'; and his sister, Miss Alice GARDNER, with 'The Idea of Providence in History,' while the editor himself calls his essay 'Providence—the Universal Aspect.' Dr. Hastings RASHDALL has taken 'The Problem of Evil' for his topic; the Dean of St. Paul's, 'Hope, Temporal and Eternal'; Professor A. E. TAYLOR, 'The Belief in Immortality'; and Mr.

E. A. BURROUGHS, 'Faith and Reality.' It is not before the eighth essay that we come to the War. And only three essays remain. They are 'War and the Ethics of the New Testament,' by Mr. C. W. EMMET; 'What is a Christian Nation?' by Mr. W. M. GLAZEBROOK; and 'The Church of England after the War,' by the Dean of Durham.

We turn at once to Mr. EMMET. His subject is 'War and the Ethics of the New Testament.'

'War and the Ethics of the New Testament'—that is another way of saying 'War and Christ.' For the writers of the New Testament do not diverge from Christ. They do not go beyond Him, though sometimes St. Paul gets that incredible credit. The marvel is that they do not fall short of Him. If Christ made war impossible, St. Paul never makes it possible.

Not only so, but 'War and the Ethics of the New Testament' is practically 'War and the Sermon on the Mount.' There are other utterances, assuredly. Mr. EMMET makes a point of quoting and comprehending them. But they are all really comprehended already in those two amazing portions of the Sermon on the Mount—the beatitudes and the instructions about non-resistance.

Now if we are going to gain a working command of that gathering-up of the teaching of our Lord which we call the Sermon on the Mount, there are four considerations to which we must give due weight. Mr. EMMET has them all in his mind, though he does not handle them separately.

The first consideration is that Christ speaks in epigrammatic language. So do Orientals always, or seem to us to do, though no Oriental ever did so more whole-heartedly. Mr. EMMET quotes three unmistakable examples: 'If any man . . . hateth not his own father and mother, and wife . . . he cannot be my disciple.' 'When thou makest a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy

brethren, nor thy kinsmen.' 'Call no man your father upon earth.'

That is the language of the Sermon on the Mount. The late Principal LINDSAY was so impressed with this consideration that he offered it to his students as sufficient relief. He even attempted to put Christ's epigrams into modern English. 'I should be inclined to say that the general direction for Christian life which was meant to be conveyed in these four precepts might be put in the two sentences: Never seek to exact full justice for yourself, but be ready to give more than full justice to another. Never let any self-seeking appear in your demand for justice.' His words will be found in the volume of *College Addresses and Sermons* which has just been published.

The second consideration follows the first. Christ did not utter precepts but principles. The Law was there already. He did not come to destroy, but to fulfil it. And how did He fulfil it? By enacting a new law? No, but by breathing life into the old. The old law was summed up in love to God and man. Christ fulfilled that old law by loving God and man, and by making us able to go and do likewise. 'I came that ye may have life.'

Now precepts are for obedience, but principles are for interpretation. And each man must interpret them for himself. The third consideration, therefore, is that the Sermon on the Mount is addressed to individuals.

Christ discovered the individual. That strong statement is true, even although it is not new. So far were the ancient Israelites from recognizing the rights and responsibilities of the individual that they had no clear conception even of individual immortality. The immortality they longed for was national. And not only so, but when they would express prophetically the greatest of all the discoveries which they made on the social side

of life they expressed it nationally. 'Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows?' Who? We at once leap to the individual. It is almost inevitable for us to leap to Christ. But in any case we should leap to the individual from the form of the expression. Yet it is reasonably certain that the prophet himself, and the people who heard him, thought of the atonement as the work of the nation.

Christ discovered the individual. And to the individual He addressed His principles. It is 'thou' and 'thee' throughout—not in the old way of personifying the nation, but in the new way of singling out of the nation and all mankind every individual, and demanding of him the interpretation and the deed. 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour? Go, and do thou likewise.'

But Christ was not an individualist. He addressed every man singly, but He set every man in society. In truth, He set every man who would listen to Him in two societies—the society He called the World and the society He called the Brethren. And He demanded of every man that he should apply the Sermon on the Mount—the Sermon on the Mount of which all the principles are comprehended in the one word *love*—He demanded that every man should interpret the principles as love and apply them in both societies. In the society of the Brethren, they would find it easy to make the application, the difficulty would be to find an occasion. In the society called the World they would find it very difficult. And that leads us into the fourth and last consideration.

The last consideration is that throughout the Sermon on the Mount our Lord holds up before us an ideal of conduct and of life. It is not a Utopia. It is an ideal that is to be realized, but it is an ideal.

What evidence have we of that? One single sentence is evidence enough. He said, 'Be ye

therefore perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' No one can begin with that. A man may begin to-morrow to obey the four great commands about non-resistance, but he cannot begin to be perfect. Perfection is an ideal—did we say to be realized? Yes; and yet it never can be realized. It is to be aimed at; it is to be run after; but when we have 'done all these things'—even with the aid of the gospel and the Holy Spirit of God, and in the light of that great future in which we shall know even as we are known, and shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory—even then we shall say we are unprofitable servants, we have *not* done that which was our duty to do.

But this ideal is to be 'an ever fixed mark.' And since it is incarnate for us in Christ Jesus, we are at all times to 'look away unto Jesus,' so that we may carry the Sermon on the Mount, that is to say, love to God and man, into every relationship of life. In the midst of the brethren it will be easy; in the world we shall have tribulation.

Mr. Mark Guy PEARSE tells us that one day he heard one of his children say to another: 'You must be good or father won't love you.' And he tells us that he took that boy to himself, and said, 'Do you know what you are saying, my boy? That is not true; it is not a bit true.' And the boy was astonished, and asked, 'But you won't love us if we are not good, will you?' And he said to the boy, 'Yes, I will love you if you are not good. I love you when you are good with a love that makes me glad, and I love you when you are not good with a love that hurts me; but I cannot help loving you, because I am your father, you know.'

When the follower of Christ goes into the world, to take up his duties as citizen, he carries the principle of love with him and the exercise of it will often hurt him. For he will have to sit on juries, let us say, judging his fellow-men; and when the call comes (God grant it may never come to you or me again) he will have to go to war.

Anti-Zealotism in the Gospels.

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MUCH attention has been devoted by students to Jewish sects in the time of Christ. The part played in the history of the nation by Pharisees, Scribes, Sadducees, and Essenes has been explored almost to the limits of existing knowledge. But there is one sect which can hardly be said to have received the attention which it merits—the sect of the Zealots. It is usually dismissed in a few words as a fanatical movement hostile to Rome. But a closer investigation of the Gospels and of the history of the times justifies the conclusion that the Zealots exercised a considerable influence on popular thought; while the fact that one of them was numbered in the Twelve should lead us to scrutinize Christ's words carefully with a view to ascertaining whether He disclosed His attitude to their propaganda.

The Zealot movement sprang out of Pharisaism. The Chasids (the forerunners of the Pharisees), who relied on the arm of the spirit rather than on that of the flesh, and who looked to secure national deliverance by simple obedience to God's will, had supported the Maccabean revolt in its early stages, but had shown signs of drawing back as soon as the dynastic aims of the Maccabean family became apparent. They were always restive under Hasmonean rule, until at length the final breach occurred towards the end of the reign of John Hyrcanus, about 106 B.C. The following century was marked by fierce quarrels between the Pharisees and the Sadducees—quarrels which are reflected in the *Psalms of Solomon*. During this period Pharisaic ideals were increasingly secularized and politicized, and only a remnant continued to

bear the spiritual witness of the Chasids. Towards the end of this century 'a fusion took place between their traditional doctrine of Law and popular Messianic beliefs, and thus the bulk of the Pharisaic party became committed to political interests and movements.'¹

By the beginning of the first century A.D., Pharisaism provided a fertile soil for the production of anti-Roman movements, and that which might have been expected soon happened. The 'enrolment' ordered by Quirinius in 6 or 7 A.D., with a view to subsequent taxation, awakened into activity the slumbering forces. Judas the Gaulonite² raised the standard of revolt, saying that 'this taxation was nothing better than an introduction to slavery,' and exhorting the nation 'to assert their liberty.' This insurrection, as Gamaliel states (Ac 5³⁷), was abortive. Gamaliel's reference to Theudas creates some difficulty. Josephus³ mentions a man of that name who headed a revolt in 44 A.D., but Gamaliel seems to refer to a Theudas who arose prior to Judas, and the suggestion is not at all improbable that there was another rebel leader of that name, who gave the Romans trouble at the beginning of the century, but with the same lack of success as Judas. Some of the further activities of the Zealots are reflected in the New Testament. In Lk 13¹, we read of the Galileans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with the sacrifices. We have no other information concerning this incident, but it most likely arose from a conflict between Pilate and the Zealots. In Mk 15⁷ (Lk 23¹⁹), we read, 'And there was one named Barabbas, lying bound with them that had made insurrection, men who in the insurrection had committed murder.' Here, too, we have evidence of Zealot activity. In Ac 21³⁸, reference is made to the 'Egyptian, which before these days stirred up to sedition, and led out to the wilderness the four thousand men of the Assassins.' The story is told with greater fulness and with variations of detail by Josephus, who places the revolt in the time of Felix.⁴ For a full narrative of the activities of the Zealots, the reader must turn to this historian.⁵ His account is evidently biased and prejudiced, but when allowance is made for this, the main facts cannot

be in dispute. (1) The Zealots were animated by a fanatical hatred of Rome and desired to set up an independent Jewish kingdom. (2) The movement was political and secular, and to little, if any, extent, did it seek its inspiration from spiritual sources. (3) The Zealots became unscrupulous in their methods, and as vindictive against those of their own countrymen who opposed them as against the Romans. They pillaged the property of their political opponents, and even had recourse to assassination. The more extreme section came to be known as Assassins, and Josephus uses the term 'robber' interchangeably with Zealot, as though that were customary. (4) The leaders of the Zealot revolts frequently set up Messianic claims on their own behalf. Gamaliel states that Theudas 'gave himself out to be somebody,' and Josephus affirms that some of these impostors claimed to be prophets, and that some 'persuaded the multitude to follow them into the wilderness, and pretended that they would exhibit manifest wonders and signs, that should be performed by the providence of God.'⁶

This evidence is sufficient to justify the statements that in the time of Christ Palestine was seething with disaffection, that false Messiahs were not lacking, and that the Messianic Hope was pitifully secularized and debased, except among the remnant which still cherished the old spiritual ideals of Judaism. Evidence of the existence of such a remnant is afforded by the *Assumption of Moses* (7-30 A.D.). There can be little doubt that this apocalypse is anti-Zealot in its purpose. The writer evidently intends to indicate the policy to be pursued by his nation in face of the Roman supremacy. As against the Zealots, who preached armed rebellion, he inculcates the practice of quiet piety and trust in God. The book is a protest against the secularization of the religious ideals of the nation, and the growing tendency to look for redemption through political agencies. Indeed, so far does the reaction of the writer's thoughts against popular ideas extend that, while believing in a Messianic Kingdom, he reverts to the theocratic idea, and looks to God to bring in the ideal order without the aid of a Messiah.

It is a question of some interest and importance whether we can find in the Gospels any indication of Christ's attitude to the Zealots. Before examining his words, it may be well to emphasize the

¹ Charles, *The Assumption of Moses*, p. 32.

² Josephus, *Ant.* XVIII. i. 1.

³ *Ant.* XX. v. 1.

⁴ *Ant.* XX. viii. 6.

⁵ *Ant.* Bk. XX.; *B.J.* Bk. IV.

⁶ *Ant.* XX. viii. 6.

contrast which is drawn between Christ and Barabbas. According to the Fourth Gospel, 'Barabbas was a robber' (Jn 18⁴⁰). His connexion with an insurrectionary movement (Mk 15⁷) is sufficient evidence that he was not an ordinary brigand. In view of Josephus' use of the term 'robber' as synonymous with Zealot, is it far-fetched to read Jn 18⁴⁰ as, 'Now Barabbas was a Zealot'?¹ At the trial of Jesus, the alternatives are set before the people in a sharply defined form. Barabbas would bring in the Kingdom by armed force and bloodshed; he has no spiritual weapons in his armoury, and he does not desire them. Christ would bring in the Kingdom by wholly spiritual means. He has just said, 'My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight' (Jn 18³⁶). They were called upon to choose between Christ and Barabbas, between spiritual and material force, and it is the tragedy of their history that they chose Barabbas. That choice (half-blind though it was) marked the final victory of the secularists over those who had trusted in God and obedience to His laws for deliverance, and made inevitable the catastrophe which overtook the nation in 70 A.D.

Turning now to the more formal teaching of Jesus, the first passage that arrests us is Mk 13^{21f}, 'And then if any man shall say unto you, Lo, here is the Messiah; or, Lo, there; believe it not: for there shall arise false Messiahs and false prophets, and shall shew signs and wonders, that they may lead astray, if possible, the elect.' Some critics hold that Mk 13 contains a Jewish Christian apocalypse, but they do not claim that vv. 21-22 form part of it, so that there is no reason to doubt that these words are authentic utterances of Jesus. The simplest interpretation of the passage is that it is an exhortation to the disciples to cling fast to spiritual conceptions of the Kingdom, and to beware of Zealot propaganda. We have already seen how subsequent events justified the warning.

But the most striking instance of anti-Zealot polemic is to be found in the Sermon on the Mount. Some years ago, the present writer

¹ J. C. Lambert (*D.C.G.* i. 171) argues that Barabbas cannot have been a Zealot, since Pilate, who desired to save Jesus, would never have made the mistake of offering the people one who would certainly be popular and therefore would be chosen in preference to Jesus. But Mark (15⁶⁻¹¹) states plainly that the Jews asked for Barabbas on their own initiative.

ventured to suggest that the precept, 'Resist not him that is evil' (*μὴ ἀντιστῆναι τῷ πονηρῷ*, Mt 5³⁹), is to be interpreted in the light of the Zealot movement.² The same suggestion is made in a recent work³ by Professor Lake. He says: 'Much of the teaching of Jesus becomes intelligible only when we place it in contrast to the Zealots'. He demanded that men should believe that the Kingdom would come, not because of their fighting, but because of their sufferings. "In your suffering—your patient endurance—shall you win your lives"; "he that suffers to the end shall be saved"; "resist not evil" and similar passages seem to be directed against the exactly opposite Zealot teaching.'

The following considerations bear out this interpretation of 'resist not evil':

1. *The Assumption of Moses* inculcates, as we have seen (against the Zealots), non-resistance to Rome, and a quiet waiting on God for deliverance (ix.). Thus the old Chasid view had not died out in the time of Christ, but was affirmed and given fresh currency by this writer (cf. also 4 Mac.). Is it not probable that Christ, who had a Zealot among His disciples, and who foresaw that the tendency of events was making the destruction of Jerusalem inevitable, was inculcating the same view?

2. Is *ὁ πονηρός* ever used to designate the Roman power? The following instances are significant:

(a) In Hab 3¹³, *רָשָׁע* ('wicked')⁴ is used to denote the enemies of Israel. 'Evil is here spoken of as if concentrated in a single personality, *the wicked one*—an expression which seems to include both the Chaldean and every other God-denying power to the end of time' (Ottley, *The Hebrew Prophets*, p. 51).

(b) The Romans are called *θηρία πονηρά* ('evil beasts') in *Ps.-Sol* 13³; cf. *τὸ θηρίον* of *Apoc.* (11⁷ *et pass.*).

(c) Pompey (or the Roman army) is called *ὁ ἁμαρτωλὸς* ('the sinner') in *Ps.-Sol* 2¹.

From these usages it would seem that the term 'evil' in its various forms was commonly used to describe the Roman Empire.⁵ If *τῷ πονηρῷ*, in Mt

² *The Ethics of Jewish Apocryphal Literature*, p. 121.

³ *The Stewardship of Faith*, p. 30.

⁴ The form in the LXX is in the plural—*ἀνόμων*.

⁵ 4 *Ezra* falls later, but it is worth noting that in the Eagle-vision (chaps. 11-12), which Box attributes to a Zealot, 'wickedness is concentrated in godless, imperial Rome' (Charles, *Apoc. of O.T.* ii. p. 558).

5³⁹, be rendered in this way, the precept is simply an exhortation to the Jews to endure patiently the Roman oppression, and not to look for a temporal Messianic deliverer — an exhortation which harmonizes with Christ's declaration that His Kingdom is not of this world. This would explain the inclusion of the passage by Matthew, who wrote for Jews; and its exclusion by Luke, who wrote for Gentiles.

If this interpretation is correct, it has an important bearing upon a subject which is agitating thought to-day. The advocates of non-resistance base their case on the command, 'resist not evil.' But if we are right in regarding the precept as an anti-Zealot polemic, we find that it was only intended to have a temporary and particular significance, and that the principle which is laid down in the context for general guidance is not *non-resistance*, but that evil can be finally overcome only by good.¹

It is, of course, open to argument that if Christ disapproved of armed force by the Zealots, He

¹ To take a concrete example, Christ does not lay down the general principle that force may never be used for the destruction of an oppressive military power. But involved in His teaching is the implication that victory over a militaristic nation is not victory over militarism. Militarism is an idea and can be overcome only by a nobler idea.

would have condemned its use in every other case. But it is notoriously hazardous to argue from the particular to the universal. As we have seen, Zealotism was a purely secular movement, unscrupulous in its methods, and unconcerned with either the advance or the defence of spiritual truth. Its method was antipathetic not only to Christ, but to all that was best in Judaism. Christ saw that the Zealots, so far from furthering, were hindering the realization of the national hope, and events abundantly justified Him. It seems clear, therefore, that to elevate a particular injunction, called forth in these circumstances, into a principle of universal validity, can be justified neither by reason nor by conscience.

The obligation that abides eternally is that of love—even to our enemies. It is not always easy to discover the true method of discharging this obligation, especially when it is realized that love is holy, stern as well as tender, and includes within itself both justice and judgment. We shall learn, not by basing ourselves on the precarious foundation of isolated precepts of doubtful interpretation, but by seeking to understand the Gospel as a whole, and by praying for the guidance of the Spirit of Truth, who takes of the things that are Christ's and declares them unto us.

Literature.

THE TURKS.

THE readers of the daily papers are well aware of the gift of narrative writing possessed by Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P. His great book, called *The Caliphs' Last Heritage* (Macmillan; 20s. net), is sure to be demanded at once of all the public libraries, and it is just as sure to be found in the future in many private libraries.

It consists of two parts. We might say that Sir Mark Sykes, who has travelled so much in the Turkish Empire, and has kept a steady record of his experiences and observations in diaries, wished to make his diaries public, but had the sense to see that he would double their value if he prefaced them with a history of the Turks. He therefore wrote what he calls 'A Short History of the Turkish Empire,' which occupies almost half the volume.

The History might stand by itself. Perhaps one day the author will issue it separately. It is just such a sketch of Turkish history as could be written only by a traveller in Turkey. For the local colour, not otherwise obtainable, is never absent; and to the local colour is largely due the interest of the writing. Moreover, everything is done by excellent maps that *can* be done to give visibility to the narrative.

Still it is the diaries that captivate us. They form the second part of the volume. They are five in number and describe the journeys made in the years 1906, 1907, 1908, 1910, and 1913. They captivate our interest, not our judgment. Sir Mark Sykes is much too partial and dogmatic to be altogether acceptable to the mind. His white-washing (shall we call it?) of the Kurds is plainly just what we *have* called it. No man will believe

that the Armenian scourge is such a gentleman. But there is no doubt of the vividness of the description. And not of the Kurds only. Hear how the Bedawin are hit off: 'The Bedawi is, indeed, the strangest of all mankind. His material civilisation is about on a par with that of a bushman, yet his brain is as elaborately and subtly developed as that of any Englishman with a liberal education. There is no reasonable argument he cannot follow, no situation which he cannot immediately grasp, no man whom he cannot comprehend; yet there is no manual act he can perform. These seven could not cook their dinners without help, saying that their women were absent. Had they been alone, they would have gone to sleep supperless, or eaten a mouthful of raw flour.'

The second part has not only its own maps and plans, but also a good many illustrations. Of these there would have been more, says Lady Sykes, had not the author been away on active service—we know where.

JOHN WORDSWORTH.

The Right Rev. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, wrote one of the driest biographies in the English tongue—*The Episcopate of Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews*. He deserved to be rewarded in kind. And he made it likely enough that so the reward would be. For he retained no copies of his own letters, but preserved all the letters of other people indiscriminately. He kept no diary. He wrote innumerable pamphlets, and published them in all sizes. He did everything, in short, to make a good biography almost impossible, a bad almost inevitable. Yet the Rev. E. W. Watson, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford, has written the *Life of Bishop John Wordsworth* so that it can be read with genuine pleasure throughout (Longmans; 12s. 6d. net).

It happens that the best chapter in the book has not been written by Professor Watson, but by Dr. H. J. White. It is the chapter on the Vulgate. It is by his work on the Vulgate New Testament that John Wordsworth's name will be held in remembrance. It is easy to see, though Dr. White does his best to hide it, that the success of that work was in large measure due to the great good fortune which gave Dr. Wordsworth such an assistant, and kept that assistant with him to the end.

Yet Dr. Wordsworth himself did much work on it, even after he became a bishop, and did it well. As to his accuracy, Dr. White says: 'I have hardly ever detected him in a mistake, and very rarely in an omission; only those who have worked much at collating MSS. know what high praise this is.'

There seems to be no doubt of his success as a bishop. This has to be said, because all the probabilities were the other way. He was a student of inscriptions and other out-of-the-way subjects; and he had a perverse passion for the doing of unexpected and disconcerting things. He would go to the wrong side of a pulpit purposely, and find there was no door there. When he was enthroned he kissed, not only the Dean, but the whole Chapter. But he had a fine memory for faces and a true heart; and he married well.

We have mentioned the Vulgate New Testament and the life of his father. Another book contained his Bampton Lectures on *The One Religion*. Dr. Sanday says that the most striking feature of that book is 'the scope it gave for his remarkable power of rapid assimilation.' The first lecture secured fame in another way. It set up so violent a reaction in the mind of Mrs. Humphry Ward, who attended, that 'from this protesting impulse, constantly cherished and strengthened, a few years later, *Robert Elsmere* took its beginning.'

In many ways Dr. John Wordsworth was a remarkable man. But he was never more remarkable than when he was a child: 'To the end of his days he remembered how he formed the resolution, "So soon as I have learned to speak I will tell what that naughty nursemaid was doing with the jam in the cupboard."'

BABYLON.

There is no Assyriologist, either in this country or in any other, whose name stands higher than does the name of Leonard W. King, Litt.D., Assistant Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, and Professor of Assyrian and Babylonian Archæology in the University of London. His reputation is due partly to the work he has done in editing texts, partly to articles in *THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS*, and partly to concise volumes contributed to the series entitled 'Books on Egypt and Chaldæa,' but most of all to the issue of the first volume of *A History of Babylonia and Assyria*. That work is to

consist of three great volumes. The first volume, issued in 1910, was called *A History of Sumer and Akkad*. It contained an account of the early races of Babylonia from prehistoric times to the foundation of the Babylonian Monarchy. The second volume is now published. It is *A History of Babylon*, from the foundation of the Monarchy to the Persian Conquest (Chatto & Windus; 18s. net).

It is a large and quite magnificent volume, printed in good clear type and illustrated throughout by photographs taken on the spot, and by plans and drawings figured in the text, 'the work of Mr. E. J. Lambert and Mr. C. O. Waterhouse, who have spared no pains to ensure their accuracy.' Even the binding has been used for instruction. 'The designs upon the cover of this volume represent the two most prominent figures in Babylonian tradition. In the panel on the face of the cover the national hero Gilgamesh is portrayed, whose epic reflects the Babylonian heroic ideal. The panel on the back of the binding contains a figure of Marduk, the city-god of Babylon, grasping in his right hand the flaming sword with which he severed the dragon of chaos.'

But the good of a book like this is to be got by studying it. Professor King has a firm command of the English language, which says for him what he wants it to say, but he has no phrases for the ear of the unthinking. Every step of the history is marked by the most careful deduction from data gathered with uttermost patience, and the authorities are named at the foot of the page. There is nothing to prevent a lazy reader from going through the book comfortably enough, but only he who takes time over it will recognize its worth.

Dr. King has no encouragement for the astrological school. 'If,' he says, 'we are to assume that Babylonian astrology exerted so marked an influence on the Jews of the Exile, we should at least expect to find some traces of it in practical matters and in terminology. And in this connexion there are certain facts which have never been fairly met by the astral mythologists. It is true that the returning exiles under Zerubbabel had adopted the Babylonian names of the months for civil use; but the idea of hours—that is to say, the division of the day into equal parts—does not seem to have occurred to the Jews till long after the Exile, and even then there is no trace of the Babylonian double hour. The other fact is still more signi-

ficant. With the exception of a single reference to the planet Saturn by the prophet Amos, none of the Hebrew names for the stars and constellations, which occur in the Old Testament, correspond to those we know were in use in Babylon. Such a fact is surely decisive against any wholesale adoption of astral mythology from Babylon on the part of the writers or redactors of the Old Testament, whether in pre-Exilic or in post-Exilic times. But it is quite compatible with the view that some of the imagery, and even certain lines of thought, occurring in the poetical and prophetic books of the Hebrews, betray a Babylonian colouring and may find their explanation in the cuneiform literature. There can be no doubt that the Babylonian texts have afforded invaluable assistance in the effort to trace the working of the oriental mind in antiquity.'

The interest in the great empires of the Ancient East, which somewhat diminished when it was found that their history could not easily be used in defence of any particular theory of the composition of the Old Testament, has now revived. A larger view has begun to obtain. There are greater gifts to be received from this study than the confirmation or discomfiture of a prophecy of Ezekiel. The history recorded in the Bible is unintelligible if isolated from the parallel history of Egypt and Babylonia. And it is history that is now giving us our best evidence of the hand of God in the life of men. The movement towards a better appreciation of Biblical Archæology will be stimulated by the issue of this great History of Babylonia and Assyria.

MOULTON AND MILLIGAN.

The names Moulton and Milligan which once went happily together on an exposition of the Fourth Gospel, now, in another generation, go together quite as happily, though perhaps more laboriously, on *The Vocabulary of the Greek Testament*. The second part is promptly out (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s. net). It extends from the beginning of B to the end of D. The editors say that they have missed Thumb and Deissmann—Thumb, indeed, is now dead—but they have welcomed Professor Souter's proof-reading and suggestions. It is one of the few Vocabularies which can be read. That is to say, the sentences are written out; their heads and tails are not

snipped off. Take this (it is but a part of the article on γένημα):

'The history of this word, unknown to LS, and unsuspected except as a blunder of NT uncials, is peculiarly instructive. Against HR, who regard the totally distinct words γέννημα and γένημα as mere variants of spelling, Thackeray (*Gr.* i. p. 118) shows that γένν. (from γεννάω) is in LXX animal, and γεν. vegetable, as in NT. The hundreds of instances quotable from Egypt must not close our eyes to the apparent absence of attestation elsewhere, except in Syria, which accounts for its appearance in NT. We may, however, reasonably conjecture that in Polybius when γεννήματα = "vegetable produce" we should drop the second ν. This is confirmed by the strictures of Phrynichus (Lobeck, p. 286): γεννήματα· πολλαχού ακούω τὴν λέξιν τιθεμένην ἐπὶ τῶν καρπῶν. ἐγὼ δὲ οὐκ οἶδα ἀρχαίαν καὶ δόκιμον οἶσαν. He would have them say καρποὺς ξηροὺς καὶ ὑγροὺς. Polybius then either used γένημα, or adopted a new meaning for γέννημα which was reacted upon by the other word. In PSI iii. 196².³. 197².³ (both vi-vii A.D.) we find νν.'

Sometimes the editors have nothing new on a word, and then they say so. Here is a good example:

'βδέλυγμα is "a 'bibl. and eccl. word" in Grimm, and we are not able to challenge its right to a place in this greatly reduced category. But it is almost as much a part of the verb as βδελυκτός, which likewise has independent status on Grimm's page. The verb having appealed to the LXX translators as an excellent rendering of צִנְעָה and other Hebrew verbs, it was inevitable that when a derived noun was wanted the regular formation should have been adopted or coined. Probably any Greek writer who wanted to express the idea of τὸ ἐβδελυγμένον would have done the same without hesitation.'

BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA.

It is a rare and encouraging experience that, even in the midst of war, there are published together two great histories of Babylon. Dr. King's book has already been noticed. The other is not a new book, but an old book so thoroughly

revised that it stands for new. It is *A History of Babylonia and Assyria*, by Robert William Rogers, LL.D., Litt.D., Professor in Drew Theological Seminary (Abingdon Press; 2 vols., \$10 net).

When Professor Rogers's book first appeared it was reviewed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES by Professor Sayce. The review was highly laudatory. Elsewhere the same reception was accorded. And in a short time it was discovered by the reading public, and passed through five editions.

But all the while, as edition after edition was called for, Dr. Rogers craved the opportunity of a thorough revision. It came in 1913. That year was spent in Oxford, in the Bodleian Library, with a weekly visit to the British Museum. The book was so thoroughly revised that it swelled from eight hundred to twelve hundred pages. 'The whole of the early history of Babylonia and of Assyria is entirely new, and there are few pages elsewhere but have met with some change.'

The risk of revision is to lose the 'go' of the original writing. And to that 'go' much of the success of the book was due. Professor Rogers has not lost it. His escape is due to the very thoroughness of his work. It is a new book. And a man who hopes to live to revise it again, after as many more editions, is not likely to have lost the vitality necessary to give a new book a new life.

Those who are looking for a book to give this Christmas to bookish boys should choose *Mysteries of Life*, by Stanley de Brath, M.Inst.C.E., lately a Headmaster in East Grinstead (Allen & Unwin; 4s. 6d. net). It is a quite readable book, and it is sure to do good to any boy who reads it. The attention is caught by the three words What? How? Why? which divide it into three parts. Under What? is described the Mystery of the Body and the Mystery of the Heavens. Under How? comes a History of the Earth and of Human Evolution. Under Why? we have an explanation of the Mystery of Sex, the Mystery of Pain, the Revelation of God, and the Mystery of the Kingdom of Heaven.

We must learn our lesson of the war while the war is going on—our lesson of economy and our lesson of faith. It may reach us in many ways. One way is fiction. But it must be fiction which sees the unseen in the things that are actually

happening. Such fiction is written by the Rev. W. H. Leatham, M.A., and written brilliantly. The title is *The Comrade in White* (Allenson; 6d. net).

Messrs. George Bell & Sons have been good enough to issue their excellent translation of Ranke's *History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations* (1494-1514), at a much smaller price than before (3s. 6d.). It is now as cheap as it is profitable and timely.

Mr. Roger Ingpen's edition of *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley* has been added to Bohn's Standard Library (Bell; 2 vols., 7s.). [By the way, how many persons know that Bohn is a word of two syllables, and that Mr. Bohn himself hated to hear his name pronounced in one?] The editor says: 'In preparing this book for republication in Bohn's Standard Library, I have availed myself of the opportunity of making some additions, and of amending the text where possible by correcting misprints and collating a few of the letters with the originals. I thankfully acknowledge the courtesy of Prof. Dott. Commendatore Guido Biagi, who has collated for me the three letters of Shelley to Medwin, senior, which are preserved in the Mediceo-Laurenzian Library at Florence. Mrs. Walton has very kindly allowed me to print for the first time an interesting letter in her possession.'

Having been excommunicated, Abbé Loisy now signs himself simply Alfred Loisy. As Alfred Loisy he answers the excommunication in a book entitled *The War and Religion*, which has been done into English by Mr. Arthur Galton (Blackwell; 1s. 6d. net). Rarely has man or pope been held up to scorn so bitter or so biting. M. Loisy is done with the papacy and all that it stands for. He is also done with Christianity. The teaching of our Lord he looks upon as utterly impossible in practice, and he hopes that the end of the war will be the end of any pretence of practising it. What religion he would substitute (for he would still have a religion) he does not say. We think he will recover Christ. But the pope he will never recover.

An ever-deepening interest gathers round the life of Bolingbroke. The times he lived in were

momentous enough for our country's history to give every strong actor in them a place in our regard. But Bolingbroke has an interest in himself. In any age he would have been an influence. What he owes to his own age is that by treating him shamefully it gave him an interest that moves us the more profoundly and is like to last the longer. It is therefore no surprise that Mr. Arthur Hassall, M.A., should have thought it worth while to re-write his *Life of Viscount Bolingbroke* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) originally contributed to the 'Statesman' series. Since the original issue in 1889 much has been discovered about Bolingbroke and much has been written. Mr. Hassall has used all the discoveries and read all the writings. He has made the other Lives of Bolingbroke superfluous.

The Rev. John T. Dean, M.A., has added a volume to Messrs. T. & T. Clark's well-known series of 'Hand-books for Bible Classes' on *The Book of Revelation* (2s. net). Never book came more opportunely. For the great topic of study and interest at the moment is Apocalyptic, and the greatest apocalyptic writing is the Book of Revelation. Mr. Dean has already enabled us to identify his name with this particular subject of study. The book is all that we expected it to be; it is all that the Bible class needs. The exposition will also appeal strongly to the private student.

Dr. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, whose biography has been published, could not have written a commentary on Ecclesiastes, because he never had any difficulty in believing anything that he was expected to believe. The man to explain Koheleth to us must have doubted, fought his doubts, and gathered strength. The Rev. David Russell Scott, M.A., is such a man. He has the temperament; he has had the experience; he has the necessary scholarship and style. Mr. Scott has written an exposition of Ecclesiastes, and added to it a short exposition of the Song of Songs which is Solomon's, and he has called his book *Pessimism and Love* (Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

Here are two sentences to whet the appetite: 'The really determining factor in his pessimism was not the time in which he lived, nor his temperament, but the mental presuppositions with which he started and the narrow limits within which his thought was confined. Koheleth in his

methods was really a premature positivist, an antedated Comtist, a positivist philosopher born out of due time.'

Koheleth was waiting for such an expositor as this.

Notwithstanding that a flood of books on Mysticism has come over the land in the last twenty years, Mrs. E. Herman sees no signs of a revival of mystical religion. We are much interested in mysticism, but we are not mystics. It is accordingly with the definite desire of leading us to the practice of the love of God that Mrs. Herman writes yet another book, on *The Meaning and Value of Mysticism* (Clarke & Co.; 6s. net).

Now we cannot become mystics without knowing what mysticism is. And just this is what the vast majority of us do not know—in spite of, or perhaps because of, the multitude of books that try to tell us. Mrs. Herman shows us that the books are often inchoate and unintelligible, and sometimes she shows us why. She says: 'The opposition between "life" and "thought" is written large over the work of Miss Underhill and kindred interpreters. Everywhere the "life movement" of intuitional experience is contrasted with the "static helplessness" of thought. Again and again we are told that the intellect works merely in the interests of an artificial simplification and abstraction, that it classifies, tabulates, indexes; in short, that it reduces living, moving things to the state of dead museum-objects. We are ceaselessly reminded that it is not through thought, but through living participation in the movement of Reality, that the true mystic reconciles the transcendent and the immanent, being and becoming; and there is an attraction and a plausibility about such a presentation which makes a strong appeal, especially to impressionable souls who shrink from the task of logical thinking. But can there be any such living participation without thought? Is there such a thing as a vital experience (as distinct from mere sensation) apart from the sifting, interpreting, constructing function of thought? To say that the oppositions of transcendence and immanence, being and becoming, are overcome "in experience" is to say nothing, unless it means that experience includes the interpretative and unifying function of thought.'

There is sense in that. It is a gain and a great gain to discover that the mysterious and the

mystical are not identical. But from beginning to end there is a sweet reasonableness in this book that will bring welcome relief to the disappointed, and perhaps the opening they cry for into the very presence of God.

A short, well-written, enthusiastically admiring biography of *Ambrose Shepherd, D.D.*, has been written by his son, Eric Shepherd, and edited by his nephew, J. F. Shepherd, M.A.; Minister of Belmont Congregational Church, Aberdeen (Clarke & Co.; 2s. 6d. net). Many unexpected things are told in it. From the beginning to the end of his ministry Dr. Ambrose Shepherd memorized his sermons. 'All Saturday from his study on the top-flat would come the drone of his voice as he tramped backwards and forwards across the floor, declaiming to himself, listening critically to his own rendering, practising and improving his emphasis, his unused hand enforcing the argument with little shakes, his pipe laid aside, his whole being infinitely concentrated on the matter in hand.' The object of all his preaching was the formation of character. 'Moral character—i.e., spirituality—was to him the one great positive good. Where this exists is hope and order; where it does not exist dwells despair and chaos.' This explains his favour for George Eliot, his dislike of Thomas Hardy. Of *Alice in Wonderland* he said, 'A book that never ought to have been written.'

To the memoir there are added eight fine sermons. In one of the eight Dr. Shepherd says: 'I do not put emphasis upon a ministry to young men and women, because I imagine for a moment that they are the only people for whom the preacher should seek out and find acceptable words. It is my conviction (and I have often expressed it) that middle life, and especially a given part of it, is in many things the most critical phase of our mortal pilgrimage through this world.'

The Life and Times of Cavour, by Mr. William Roscoe Thayer, which was first published in 1911, is now issued at exactly a third of the original price (Constable; 2 vols., 10s. 6d. net). And the second issue is not a whit less acceptable than the first. We should say that it is rather more agreeable to handle. No doubt the buyers of the first edition had the skimming of the milk; but books, like milk, are sometimes better to stand a while, and it is so with this life of Cavour. A strong biography,

it will live and be read by generations to come. At present it is one of the books we *must* read, for how otherwise are we to understand why Italy came into the War?

Messrs. Wells Gardner's books have a most attractive originality. They are the Bishop of London's publishers, and one is tempted to think that he owes half his popularity as a preacher to his publishers' sense of the fitness of things. The new book is entitled *The Church in Time of War* (2s. 6d. net). It contains all Dr. Ingram's recent sermons. Every one of them is a war sermon, and yet every one is a sermon that will live and be read after the war is over. For the things of the moment are set most vividly in the light of eternity.

Messrs. Harrap's 'Sesame Booklets' are a surprise of daintiness and of price. The picture boards and the uncut edges so beloved of the bibliophile are both here. The new volumes are *Thoughts from George Moore*, and *Thoughts from Eden Philpotts* (6d. net each). One of Eden Philpotts' thoughts is: 'To be beautiful is to be a thousand times more than useful. Anybody can be useful.' That is encouraging, because anybody may be beautiful.

Dr. J. Paterson-Smyth, were he a Scottish or an English preacher, would be 'run after,' so 'sensational' is he in subject and in manner. He is really Irish, and now occupies the responsible pulpit of St. Andrew's, Montreal. His new book is not at all warlike, being preached and possibly printed before the war began. Its title is the delightfully refreshing one of *A Syrian Love-Story* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d. net).

A most graphic, and we are sure equally reliable, account of the share of the war sustained by General Smith-Dorrien and his men is given by the Rev. Douglas P. Winniffrith, M.A., in a volume entitled *The Church in the Fighting Line* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). The title is too modest. Mr. Winniffrith, who was with the 14th Infantry Brigade Field Ambulance from the commencement of the war, and was present with it at the Battles of Mons, Le Cateau, the Marne, the Aisne, La Bassée, Ypres, and Armentières—tells not only what 'the Church' did and saw, but also what was

seen and done by the soldiers. And a fine brave-story it is.

Mr. Charles G. Harper, the historian of the English roads, has been 'at the front' with his eyes (and occasionally his camera) open. The result is a most entertaining volume, called *Overheard at the Front* (Iliffe; 1s. net). There are no atrocities in it, but there is much character drawing, and it is very rich. The conversational style is Mr. Harper's peculiar gift; he uses it here to good purpose.

Evidence for the popularity of the study of Mysticism (even in the midst of war) is given by the issue already of a second edition of Mr. J. P. Langham's Hartley Lecture. The book deserves its popularity. If there is a 'royal road' to this difficult subject, Mr. Langham has found it and points it out. The title is *The Supreme Quest; or, The Nature and Practice of Mystical Religion* (Johnson).

Miss Margaret E. Noble, who took the name of Sister Nivedita when she accepted Hinduism, edited the *Modern Review* and wrote editorial notes and short articles in it. Some of these notes and articles have now been gathered into a volume with the title of *Religion and Dharma* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). What is Dharma? '*Dharma* is the force or principle that binds together; the union of traditional thought and faith, of common custom, loyalty, and understanding, that makes of society an organic or religious unity.' Miss Noble held hard to her belief in the power of Hinduism to absorb all that was worth absorbing in other religions. It is the key to all that she did and wrote.

The Rev. Francis J. Hall, D.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York City, continues his studies in Dogmatic Theology, and has just issued a volume on *The Incarnation* (Longmans; 6s. net). The volume might, perhaps ought to, have been entitled 'The Person of Christ,' for that is its subject. Now Professor Hall is very capable, and even on such a subject as the Person of our Lord he is entitled to write. He is both ancient and modern. Holding fast the belief that 'through the Incarnation Godhead and Manhood met in Christ in

genuine communion ; but that this involved neither an obliteration of human limitations by the divine, nor a reduction of the divine by the human,' he endeavours to interpret that belief to the modern mind. The difficulty is not merely in the fact itself, it is also in the terminology. With that Dr. Hall grapples earnestly, seeking to conserve the very words of the Creeds and yet to be both intelligible and credible.

Some *College Addresses and Sermons* by the late Principal Thomas Martin Lindsay have been brought together into a volume (Maclehose ; 5s. net). The volume will be well received, not for the Principal's sake only, but also for the worth of its contents. It is surprising that both addresses and sermons should contain so much that bears on the present situation. One of the sermons discusses the question of non-resistance. Dr. Lindsay lays emphasis on the 'proverbial' language of our Lord, so easily understood by an Eastern. In one of the addresses this sentence occurs : 'The absence of the connection between the professor's chair and the active work of the ministry, and consequently the absence of connection, save of a very outside kind, between the professional theologian and the Christian congregation in Germany, leads me to the conclusion that Germany has well-nigh done all the work it can do for theology in the meantime.' That was said in 1875.

There are five addresses : (1) Modern Religious Difficulties ; (2) Occultism : Ancient and Modern ; (3) Scholarship and the Work of the Ministry ; (4) Some Thoughts on the Ritualist Movement ; (5) The Study of Church History.

The value of *The Drama of the Spiritual Life*, by Annie Lyman Sears (Macmillan ; 12s. 6d. net), lies in the use that the author makes of her wide reading in English literature. The object of the book is to illustrate the Christian life at all its stages, and in such a way that it shall appeal to literary and thinking persons. The facts are familiar enough. But the illustration is so ample and so fresh that the book is sure to be frequently consulted by the teacher, and may even be read right through by the pupil. One is amazed at the range of the author's reading and her command of what she has read. From Augustine to the latest Russian novelist,

every Christian and psychological writer seems to be at call.

A man who 'has the courage of his opinions' is apt to have extreme opinions. That Dr. H. Hensley Henson, Dean of Durham, has extreme opinions on intemperance he showed by a most ill-timed letter to the *Times*. That he has extreme opinions on war he shows by his new volume of sermons. Its title is *War-Time Sermons* (Macmillan ; 4s. 6d. net). Dr. Henson holds that war is indispensable. This is quite an impossible position for a follower of Christ, and it prevents Dr. Henson from bringing us that help in the present bitter distress which he is so capable of bringing. Christ has a place for the patriot, but his patriotism must lose all the narrowness which would make war inevitable. There is no lesson so urgent at present, and the Dean of Durham misses his opportunity of urging it. He says many good and helpful things about war in general and this present war in particular. He could have said better things and more helpful if he had accepted whole-heartedly Christ's ideal for the individual and the nation.

Is there any story of heroic endeavour even in this war more wonderful than the story of the *Glorious Deeds of Australasians in the Great War*? It has been told by Mr. E. C. Buley (Melrose ; 3s. 6d. net). Who could be found to tell it better? Most thrilling is the narrative, and the illustrations are not less thrilling.

If ye have any word of consolation, say on. Mr. F. B. Meyer has spoken. His words of comfort are not vain words. He has the mind of Christ. He is able to offer the peace that passeth all understanding. He has taken his title, '*Our Sister Death*' (Memorial Hall ; 1s. 6d. net), from the well-remembered words of St. Francis.

Dr. Horton also has spoken. He is not less sympathetic than Mr. Meyer, but his range (in this volume at least) is wider. Into the sources of comfort he draws Art, the Reason, the Will. Perhaps the most moving chapter is on 'Christ's Method with the Bad Man.' For is it not our badness, keeping us from Christ, that causes us to miss the consolation so much needed in these days? The end of all is the Lordship of Christ.

There is no peace without the recognition of His Mastery. Dr. Horton's book (also published at the Memorial Hall) is called *The Springs of Joy* (2s. 6d. net).

'Tell us a story, mister!' That classical demand floored the Superintendent. He had no story to tell, and if one had been given him he could not have told it. Well, it is easy to find stories. It is not easy to tell them. That art belongs to some men and more women by nature. Others have to cultivate it laboriously. The instruction will be found in *The Art of Story-telling*, by Marie L. Shedlock (Murray; 5s. net). In this one volume the whole art and practice is set forth, clearly, seriously, triumphantly. There is even added a long list of books in which will be found stories to tell.

For books on Nature—not as 'red in tooth and claw,' but as interpreted by the love of God—inquire at the Pilgrim Press. The latest issue of the kind is *Nature's Wonderland*, by W. Percival Westell, F.L.S. (2s. 6d. net). Literature and Art go together. Each is excellent in itself, and each contributes to the excellence of the other. This is more than a Christmas gift: it is a joy for all time.

Nowhere is the difference which the war has made more manifest than in the popular magazines. Some may not have risen to their opportunity; some have become great spiritual forces. Such is *The Sunday at Home*, of which the volume for 1915 has been issued (R.T.S.; 7s. 6d.). The stories, the sketches, the sermons, are all here as before, but there is a note of seriousness, even in the sermons, that is new and encouraging.

One of the most difficult tasks a man can set himself is to write an exposition of St. Paul's Hymn of Love as it is found in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The Rev. Harrington C. Lees, M.A., has done it, in spite of the difficulty, which has not been hidden from him. And you may read it, even immediately after you have read the Hymn itself. For Mr. Lees is an expositor. He can lose himself in another man, and reproduce the Pauline thinking for modern readers. This is not introduction

merely, nor merely application; it is exposition. The title Mr. Lees has given his book is *The Practice of the Love of Christ* (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net).

In five short addresses the Rev. J. K. Mozley introduces us to *The Christian Hope in the Apocalypse* (Robert Scott; 2s. net). He touches matters that are pressing for consideration at the present time and very difficult to touch. He has a firm hand. For he has studied and found strength to believe. One thing he makes certain is that the future is ours. It belongs to him who hopes and patiently waits for the Kingdom. 'And as to-day we read the Apocalypse we feel something of that inspiration which centuries ago it brought, we know that the hope it contains is strong enough to sustain us in the midst of a raging and a darkened world. For even in the midst of that the Holy City is silently building, and already there is a light in the sky which lightens more and more towards the perfect day.'

Peace, Perfect Peace, in Life and in Death, is the title of a book of help and comfort for those in trouble and sorrow, written by J. Denton Thompson, D.D., Bishop of Sodor and Man (Robert Scott; 3s. 6d. net). The chapters of the book have been suggested by the hymn 'Peace, perfect peace.' It is a surprise to find how systematic a treatment of the doctrine of Peace can be made in that way. Near the end Dr. Thompson has a word to say on Prayer for the Dead. He says: 'As long as we do not go beyond "that which can be definitely proved by Holy Scripture" or coerce others to use them by their introduction into the public services of the Church, prayers for the departed cannot be condemned, even though many prefer simply to trust their loved ones to the infinite love and mercy of God, to think of them as being in perfect "joy and felicity," and to be thankful for their assured peace and safety in the keeping of Christ.'

There is a general agreement among men that whatever may be said of spiritualism, telepathy or thought-transference is an established fact. Well, the best book on the subject is Mr. Frank Podmore's *Apparitions and Thought Transference*. It belongs to the 'Contemporary Science' series (Walter Scott; 6s.). In preparing the book for a

second edition, Mr. Podmore does not give us to understand that telepathy is a science yet. The impression he makes is that it is further from being scientifically established than it seemed to be when he wrote this book in 1894. 'Science,' he says, 'recognises no isolated facts, and telepathy, it must be admitted, stands at present in a somewhat chilly isolation.'

In preparing the new edition, Mr. Podmore has taken account of all the work done in these eleven years. It is really not of much consequence. Perhaps the most significant thing was the Presidential Address of Sir W. Crookes at the meeting of the British Association in 1898.

To their 'Science for Children' series, Messrs. Seeley have added a cleverly illustrated and easily read volume by Charles R. Gibson on *The Stars and their Mysteries* (3s. 6d.).

To their 'Heroes of the World' Library the same publishers have made two additions—*Adventures of Missionary Explorers*, by R. M. A. Ibbotson (5s.); and *Stories of Indian Heroes*, by Edward Gilliat, M.A. (5s.). Each volume contains the best stories out of the great recent books on their subject. The stories are retold without losing any of their vitality. And the illustrating adds to their impression. To the 'Stories of Indian Heroes' there is as frontispiece a picture in colours of the flight after the battle of Plassey. This volume on India is likely to be as popular with boys as any volume in the Library.

Missionary books are not so hard to read as they used to be. Perhaps we are taking more interest in missions; perhaps missionaries are writing more artistically. What we grudge is that so many fine deeds and so much self-sacrifice which might go to the enrichment of life and the furtherance of Christianity are hidden away in volumes which never were popular. The Rev. J. C. Lambert, D.D., has read these volumes. He has read the popular missionary books also. He has read even the missionary periodicals. And out of them all he has dug materials for a most readable and profitable volume which he calls *Missionary Knights of the Cross* (Seeley; 2s. 6d.). It is a handsome book; it is written with rare skill; it is attractively illustrated.

To their 'Library of Romance,' Messrs. Seeley

have added *The Romance of the Spanish Main*, by Norman J. Davidson, B.A. (5s.). It is further described as 'A Record of the Daring Deeds of Some of the most Famous Adventurers, Buccaneers, Filibusters, and Pirates in the Western Seas.' Clearly it is a book for boys. All the Romance books are for boys. The difference between them and the ordinary boy's book of adventure is that here the deeds are actual, there they are fictitious. Now truth is stranger than fiction, and this volume leaves the ordinary adventure story far behind. The very first chapter, which tells us who the buccaneers were, is amazing enough to give the book a place among boys' favourites.

Sir Edward Clarke has corrected the Prayer-Book version of *The Book of Psalms* (Smith, Elder & Co.; 2s. net). He has used the Authorized Version, the Revised Version, and some good modern books, and he has formed his own judgment of what should be taken and what left. But we need more than this. And sometimes Sir Edward Clarke makes us doubt his competency to do even this well, as when he says: 'It seems to me to have been a great misfortune that those who prepared the Authorized Version in 1611 did not adopt the Prayer-Book Version of the Psalms, and allow it to be incorporated, as it had previously been, in the Bibles issued by authority.' It is wonderful the amount of error that is crowded into that single sentence. Nevertheless this version of the Psalms is quite as devotional as the Prayer-Book version and much more intelligible.

The Rev. B. D. Johns has published fifty-one full sermon outlines under the title of *The Golden Lampstand* (Stockwell; 2s. net), which is the title of the first outline. Some men seem to be able to make use of outlines in some way. To these men this book is to be commended.

The Rev. Francis Bartlett Proctor, M.A., Fellow of King's College, London, has written a book on *The National Crisis, and Why the Churches Fail* (Stockwell; 2s. net). He does not say that Christianity has failed. It is the form of Christianity professed by the Churches that has failed. The Churches compete with the music hall for popularity; they distribute tracts on the race-courses; they sing sentimental hymns; and they practise Judaism in place of Christianity. But the

chief cause of the failure of the Churches is that they do not offer a gospel for this life; they are too worldly because they are too other-worldly. Mr. Proctor has much to say of Jesus as Judge; He is our Judge *now*.

Mr. Leslie Stannard Hunter has written a book on *The Artists and Religion* at the invitation of a committee of the Student Christian Movement (1s. net). He has written it with two persons in view—the narrow-minded Christian and the lax-minded artist. It should be read by both. It is able to convert the one and convince the other.

The International Lesson Pocket Notes must cost much labour in the making albeit the book containing them can almost be hidden in the hollow of the hand. They offer the teacher everything that he can require—the text of the lesson, an introduction to it, notes on it, topics for talk, and illustrations (S.S. Union; 9d. net).

The Sunday School Union also issue a large volume of *Notes on the Scripture Lessons* (2s. 6d. net). It contains notes on the Sunday School Union Lessons, on the International (Uniform) Lessons, and on the Standard Graded Course.

Of all the new ideas for Sunday School Teachers—and they are always being offered new ideas—the newest and most ambitious will be found in a handsome and very cleverly illustrated volume entitled *Model-Making for the Sunday School*, which has been written by Charles W. Budden, M.D. (S.S. Union; 3s. 6d. net). Among the models, elaborately drawn and described, you will find those of the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, a Jewish Synagogue, an Eastern City Gate, and many other things mentioned in the Bible.

Why grade? is a Sunday School question asked and answered by Principal D. L. Ritchie. Similarly Principal A. E. Garvie writes on *The Problems of Adolescence* (S.S. Union; 3d. net each).

Mr. John M. Watkins, the publisher, has issued

two pamphlets which should not be overlooked. The one is called *Some Aspects of Mysticism in Islam* (6d. net). The author is the Rev. F. Lamplugh. The other is *The Gospel of Manhood*, by C. R. Shaw Stewart (3d. net). In the latter we find this: 'We need not trouble ourselves about the Churches. They have their place and value for those to whom outward signs and rites are needful.'

There are many ways of entering upon the mystical life. One way is by an honest exposition of the Word of God—such an exposition as is given by Mr. W. Scott Palmer in *The Ladder of Reality* (Watkins; 2s. net). For the truth is that true mysticism is not the property of this or the other New Testament writer. It is an attribute of all the Bible. It is the Bible. It is fellowship with God. And the Bible is in our hands for the sole purpose of leading us to that. We say, therefore, an honest exposition. But the inner things must not be smothered under the external.

Mr. Arthur Lovell in his book on *Concentration* (Williams) claims the rediscovery of the doctrine and practice of spiritual healing. He claims also a great future for its exercise; and he is severe upon the Church for allowing so precious a gift to lie so long unused. The book has passed into a fourth edition.

We know less about the Italian Statesmen and Generals than about the leaders of any other of the great powers at war. Miss Helen Zimmern will enable us to fill that ugly gap in our knowledge. She has issued a popular book of biography, containing photographs and cleverly characterized pen portraits, of the chief *Italian Leaders of To-day* (Williams & Norgate; 5s. net). One is especially glad to read so loving and yet so restrained an appreciation of Victor Immanuel III. The kings of the earth are as the city set on a hill: it is right good to know that some of them are the children of light.

The Sumerian Epic of the Fall of Man.

BY STEPHEN H. LANGDON, M.A., PH.D., READER OF ASSYRIOLOGY, OXFORD.

THE importance of the text recently published by the writer in his volume, *The Sumerian Epic of Paradise: The Flood and the Fall of Man*, justifies, I venture to think, an attempt to give the general reader a corrected rendering of its contents. The scheme of the theologians of Nippur in constructing their theory of the Fall of Man was correctly given in my volume, but more recently published texts have enabled me to make a more satisfactory translation. Naturally conservative scholars will be loath to accept an ancient source which so thoroughly defends the results of higher criticism on the Book of Genesis. The Nippurian poem places the Fall after the Flood, and thus agrees with the scheme of the Priestly document in Genesis. It follows an ancient Babylonian tradition which is based upon the belief that mankind lived in Paradise many millenniums before the Flood, a catastrophe sent by the gods to destroy mankind because they had become sinful. From this universal catastrophe the mother-goddess, who had in the beginning created men from clay, saved a certain Tagtug.¹ He, however, found the earth inhospitable, for Paradise had passed away and he was forced to toil, wherefore he became a gardener. He still possessed freedom from disease and extreme longevity,² but he brought upon mankind bodily infirmity by eating from the cassia plant, thus disobeying the commandments of Enki his god, commandments which had been communicated to him by the great mother-goddess. She thereupon curses this man and takes from him his ancient longevity. In sorrow for his hard lot the gods send eight divine patrons to aid mankind in

pasturing his flocks, cultivating the vine and regulating society.³

I do not intend to repeat here the detailed analysis of the sources of Genesis and their connexion with the Nippurian and Eridu versions of the *Fall of Man*. My obligation is to render the Nippurian version as accurately as possible, and I refer to my volume for the philological and theological interpretation. In a matter of such extreme importance one must be prepared for controversy.⁴ That unfortunately attends all investigations of this kind. The *odium theologicum* ever remains the nightmare of Assyriologists, and for this reason most of us prefer not to make discoveries bearing so vitally upon Hebrew tradition. The following translation supersedes my previous rendering in columns III. of the obverse, and II. of the reverse on a few important points. Otherwise I have not been able to improve the official edition.

OBVERSE, COL. I.

1. [They that] slept, they that slept are ye.
2. [In the mountain] of Dilmun which is an holy place,
3. [In the holy place] they that slept are ye.
4. . . . the mountain of Dilmun which is an holy place,
5. The mountain of Dilmun which is an holy place, the mountain of Dilmun is pure.

¹ I have not withdrawn my suggestion, on pages 66-69 of my volume, that *Tag-tug* is the original of the Hebrew *Nôah*. In fact, that seems to me to be a very probable theory and most likely to turn out to be correct.

² Berossus gives 64,800 years as the length of the lives of three of the ten pre-diluvian kings. All of the others have incredibly long lives assigned to them. Berossus gives 432,000 years as the length of the pre-diluvian period, and modern geology and anthropology place the origin of man, or rather his evolution from the lower animals, at an incredibly ancient period. It is difficult to understand why the Hebrew compilers of Genesis, having the Sumero-Babylonian traditions before them, which they used, should have so reduced the prehistoric period.

³ The Nippur collection possesses another epic of the *Fall of Man*, in which the name of the survivor of the Flood is *Zi-ù(d)suddu*, the *Sisythês* of Lucian. [Sayce first called my attention to this explanation of Lucian's spelling of this name and its explanation. Poebel, in his *Historical and Grammatical Texts*, p. 110 n., says that Zimmern made the same suggestion to him.] This poem was written on a series of small tablets, of which I discovered and published one, on pages 88-90 of the volume mentioned above. Here we have the portion of the story following immediately after the Flood, and the phraseology is strikingly like the same portion of our text. It escaped Professor Sayce in his review of my book in the November number of THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, that this fragment proves beyond all doubt the correctness of my interpretation regarding the Flood. There is no dispute about the character of *Zi-ù(d)suddu*, for he was the hero of the Flood in both Sumerian and Semitic tradition. The Tagtug of my text is the same person under another name.

⁴ Incompetent criticism such as recently appeared in the *Nation* of New York City cannot be taken into consideration. That review was apparently written by one who is not an Assyriologist, for it denies the existence of certain signs which can be clearly read on the tablet.

6. The mountain of Dilmun is pure, the mountain of Dilmun is clean.
7. Alone in Dilmun they lay down.
8. Where Enki with his consort lay.
9. That place is pure, that place is clean.
10. Alone in Dilmun they lay down.
11. Where Enki with the pure queen lay down.
12. That place is pure, that place is clean.
13. In Dilmun the raven shrieked not.
14. The *kite* shrieked not, *kite-like*.
15. The lion slew not.
16. The wolf plundered not the lambs.
17. The dog approached not the kids in repose.
18. The *mother* (goat) as it fed on grain he approached not.
19. The ewes impregnate their *fatus* . . .
20. The birds of heaven their young [*forsook*] not.
21. The doves were not put to flight.
22. 'Oh disease of the eyes, thou art the "Sick Eye," one said not.
23. 'Oh headache, thou art the "Head Ache," one said not.
24. As to the old woman, 'thou art an old woman,' one said not.
25. As to the old man, 'thou art an old man,' one said not.¹
26. In a pure place where water was not poured for cleansing, in the city one inhabited not.
27. 'A man has changed a canal,' one said not.
28. A prince his *wisdom withheld* not.
29. 'A deceiver deceives,' one said not.
30. 'A *counsellor* of a city . . .' one said not.
31. The pure queen² to her father Enki spoke.
32. 'A city thou hast founded, a city thou hast founded, to which a fate thou hast given.
33. In Dilmun a city thou hast founded, a city (thou hast founded, to which a fate thou hast given).
34. . . . thou hast founded, a city (thou hast founded, to which a fate thou hast given).
35. . . . *which* a canal has not.
36. . . . thou hast founded, a city (thou hast founded to which a fate thou hast given).

[Here about seven lines are broken away.]

OVERSE COL. II.

1. In thy great . . . may waters flow forth.
2. May thy city drink water in abundance.
3. May Dilmun drink water in abundance.
4. Thy well of bitter waters as a well of sweet waters let flow forth.
5. Let thy city be the home³ which assembles the Land of Sumer.
6. Let Dilmun be the home which assembles the Land of Sumer.
7. Now, oh Sun-god, shine forth.
8. Oh Sun-god in heaven stand.
9. *He that waiteth in Dû-zen-(ki)-na,*

¹ Lines 22-24 are poetical paraphrases for saying that in Paradise men were not afflicted with disease and old age.

² The text has here, and in line II, *Ninella*, a title of the consort of the water-god Enki.

³ Literally 'house.'

10. At the . . . of the god of the new moon.
11. At the *mouth* of the earth where waters *flow*, at the sweet waters of the earth, stands forth unto thee.⁴
12. In his great . . . waters went forth.
13. His city drank water in abundance.
14. Dilmun drank water in abundance.
15. His well of bitter waters was a well of sweet water.
16. The fields . . .
17. His city was the home which assembles the Land of Sumer.
18. Dilmun was the home which assembles the Land of Sumer.
19. Now the Sun-god shines forth. Verily it was so.
20. He the renderer of decision, the possessor of wisdom,
21. To Nintud, the mother of the Land of Sumer,
22. Enki, the possessor of Wisdom,
23. Even unto Nintud (the mother of the Land of Sumer),
24. His counsel in the temple revealed.
25. His revelation in the *reed-house* as a decision he rendered unto her.
26. His counsel in secret grandly and beneficently unto her he affirmed.
27. He spoke ;—'Unto me man enters not.'
28. Enki spoke ;
29. By heaven he swore.
30. 'Cause him to sleep for me ; cause him to sleep for me,' was his command.
31. Enki the father of Damgalnunna uttered his word.
32. 'Oh Ninharsag, I will destroy the fields with a deluge.'⁵
33. The fields shall receive the waters of Enki.
34. It will be the first day whose month is the first.
35. It will be the second day whose month is the second.
36. It will be the third day whose month is the third.
37. It will be the fourth day whose month is the fourth.
38. It will be the fifth day whose month is the fifth.
39. It will be the sixth day whose month is the sixth.
40. It will be the seventh day whose month is the seventh.
41. It will be the eighth day whose month is the eighth.
42. It will be the ninth day whose month is the ninth : month of the cessation of the waters.
43. Like fat, like fat, like tallow,
44. Nintud, mother of the Land of Sumer,

⁴ Lines 9-11 are obscure ; they refer, apparently, to the Sun-god who tarried beneath the earth at the source of the fountains and beside the stream of the salt ocean after his daily journey in heaven (lines 7-8).

⁵ The meaning of this important line escaped me in the official edition. The verb *rig* is the ordinary one for to destroy by rains and floods. The prefix *ba-ni-in* indicates the first person and an object. Note the *Grammatical Tablet* published by Bertin in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (1885), vol. xvii. Rev. II. 30, *ba-ni-in*=*anaku suati suati*, 'I-it-it,' apparently 'I' as subject acting upon a double object. Our passage has only one object, 'the fields' (*ašag-ga*), consequently the infix *in* is euphonic. Cf. *gù ù-ba-ni-in-[de]*=*ašassi-ma*, 'I cry,' where *ba*=I, and *ni-in* represents the exterior (*gašan-mèn*) and interior (*gù*) objects of a verb employed as a compound. The forms *ni-in*, *ni-ib* were correctly explained in the writer's *Sumerian Grammar*, § 205, a theory confirmed by the Bertin tablet.

45. [*Even Ninkurra*]¹
46. has created them.'²

OVERSE, COL. III.

1. Nintud on the bank of the river answered him.³
2. 'Oh Enki, for me is reckoned this one, yea, is reckoned this one.'
3. His herald, this divine Isimu,⁴ called unto her.
4. 'This pious son of man, thy seed,⁵ take.
5. Oh Nintud, this pious one, thy seed, take.'
6. Yea, his herald, this divine Isimu, replied unto her.
7. 'This pious son of man, thy seed, take.
8. Oh Nintud, this⁶ pious one, thy seed, take.'
9. My king⁷ who is clothed in the fulness of awe, who is clothed in the fulness of awe,⁸
10. Alone upon the boat awaited him,⁹
11. Two humbles as watchmen he placed on guard.

¹ A title of Nintud, the mother-goddess.

² *I.e.* man dissolves like fat in the deluge.

³ Read *ni-ni-ib-[gt-gt]*. I have arrived at the correct meaning of this line by means of a parallel passage from another text. See Poebel, *Historical and Grammatical Texts*, No. 25, col. I. 15; II. 13.

⁴ The ideogram for Isimu, the herald of the water-god, was so badly written on the tablet that I failed to recognize it, and misread the signs as *guda=pašišu*, a kind of priest. The text should be read (*dingir*) *Isimu ne*; cf. *ibid.* I. 9.

⁵ *nu-mu-un-zu*, 'thy seed.'

⁶ *e-ne* in these lines is the strengthened form of the demonstrative pronoun *ni, ne*; cf. II. R. 16, 26, 29; IV. R. 22a, 8, and *e-ne-ra*, 'for him' (*C.T.* 15, 20, 14; 28, 16, etc.).

⁷ *lugal-mu* refers throughout to Enki the water-god, as in the similar text (Poebel, 25). Note also *lugal-mu d. Enki-ra*, 'Against my king Enki' (Thureau-Dangin, *S.A.K.* 14, XIX. 21.).

⁸ *ni-DIRIG-ga ri(g)* may be read *ni-sig-ga rig*; cf. the writer's *Sumerian and Babylonian Psalms*, 240, 51, *ni-sig-ga=zakiku*, 'storm-wind,' hence 'he that drowns with a rain-storm.' Enki is ordinarily the god of the lower sea, of fountains and canals, not of the rain-clouds. But he apparently insists in sending the deluge in the Epic of Creation and the Flood (Ni. 10673). In our poem Enki sends the Flood, and the verb is repeatedly employed in this sense here. If *ni-sig-ga-rig* be rendered by *ina irpiti muraḥḥiṣ*, the line should be translated, 'My king, the rain-storm sender, the rain-storm sender.' On the other hand, the verb *rig* also means 'to place,' *ramū, nadū*, and 'to place upon,' hence 'to clothe.' Note *ni-gal-ti-eš ri-a*, 'he that is clad in splendour' (Zimmern, *Kultlieder*, 199, I. 5); *su-zi ri-a*, 'in terror clad' (*C.T.* 4, 3a, 3); *su-zi ge-me-da-ri(g)*, 'may he be clothed in terror' (Zimmern, *ibid.* 199, I. 36). For *ni-sig* = *puluḫtum malū*, 'filled with awfulness,' see Reisner, *Sumerisch-Babylonische Hymnen*, 40, 1. In the official publication I rendered *ri(g)* by the emphatic *ri* (page 76 n. 1). Only a Semitic version will enable us to decide between these two possibilities. The one given in my translation harmonizes with the character of Enki. The alternative given at the beginning of this note suits the context better.

⁹ The text has *gir=šēpu*, 'foot,' and in the official publication I rendered, 'His foot alone upon the boat he set,' but

12. Doubly he caulked the ship; torches he lighted.¹⁰
13. Enki overflowed the fields.
14. The fields received the waters of Enki.
15. It was the first day whose month is the first.
16. It was the second day whose month is the second.
17. It was the ninth day whose month is the ninth; the month of the cessation of the waters.
18. Like fat, like fat, like tallow,
19. Ninkurra (like) fat,
20. Even Nintud, mother of the Land of Sumer, had created them.
21. Ninkurra on the shore of the river had answered.
22. 'Oh Enki, for me is reckoned this one, yea is reckoned this one.'
23. His herald, this divine Isimu, had called unto her.
24. 'This pious son of man, thy seed, take.
25. Oh Ninkurra, this pious one, thy seed, take.'
26. Yea, his herald, this divine Isimu, had replied unto her.
27. 'This pious son of man, thy seed, take.
28. Oh Ninkurra, this pious one, [thy seed take].'
29. My king, who is clothed in the fulness of awe, who is clothed in the fulness of awe,
30. Alone upon the boat had awaited him.
31. Two humbles as watchmen he had placed on guard.
32. Doubly he had caulked the ship; torches he had lighted.
33. Enki had overflowed the fields.
34. The fields had received the waters of Enki.
35. It was the first day whose month is the first.
36. It was the ninth day whose month is the ninth; the month of the cessation of the waters.
37. Like fat, like fat, like tallow,
38. Ninkurra (like) fat [had created them].
39. To the divine Tagtug she revealed secrets.
40. Nintud to the divine Tagtug spoke.
41. 'Verily I will purge thee; my purging . . .
42. I will tell thee; my words . . .
43. This one man for me was reckoned; yea, this one for me was reckoned.
44. Oh Enki, for me is reckoned this one, [yea is reckoned this one].
45.

REVERSE, COL. I.

[Here twelve lines are entirely destroyed.]

13. . . . revealed secrets, [caused] to see. . . .
14.

there I erroneously regarded *lugal-mu* as *Tagtug*, the hero of the Flood. The subject of the verb is, however, Enki. The only legitimate interpretation of the verb *gir-gub* is 'to tarry,' 'wait for,' literally, 'to halt the foot.' With this line cf. Küchler, *Medizin*, I. 6, *gir-a-ni gub-ba*, 'she whose foot tarries'; also Gudea, *Cyl. A.* 2, 4; 4, 3, *mā-gur-ra-na gir-nam-mi-gub* probably means, 'on her boat she tarried.' After line 10 above we are to understand that Tagtug ascended the boat, where he was awaited by Enki. The signs for 'ship' (*giš-mā*) are clearly written here and in line 30 below.

¹⁰ The rendering of this line remains doubtful. According to my interpretation, *Tagtug*, as yet mentioned only as 'this pious man,' here ascends the boat and prepares it for the deluge.

15.
 16. . . . in the garden
 17.
 18. [In Ebaraguldu] *stand*.
 19. In Erabgaran *stand*.¹
 20. In the temple, lo! my guide sat.
 21. Lo, Enki, my guide sat.
 22. Two *humbles* who fill with water,
 23. The water-course filled with water.
 24. The canal they filled with water.
 25. The barren land they *irrigated* (?).
 26. The gardener
 27. A secret
 28. Who art thou? the garden
 29. Enki to the gardener

[Here four lines are broken away.]

34.
 35. In Ebaraguldu he stood.
 36. In Erabgaran he stood. His seat he took.
 37. Enki beheld him. A sceptre in his hand he grasped.
 38. Enki for Tagtug waited.
 39. In his temple he cried, 'Open the door, open the door.
 40. Who is it that thou art?'
 41. 'I am a gardener *joyful* . . .'
 42. '. . . I will give unto thee.'
 43. The divine Tagtug with glad heart opened the temple's door.
 44. Enki unto the divine Tagtug *revealed secrets*.
 45. Joyfully . . . he gave unto him.
 46. In Ebaraguldu he gave unto him.
 47. In Erabgaran he gave unto him.
 48. The divine Tagtug *was confided*; the left hand he raised;
 the (right) hand he composed.

REVERSE, COL. II.

[Here about six lines are obliterated.¹]

7.
 8. [The plant . . .] grew.
 9. [The plant . . .] grew.
 10. [The plant . . .] grew.
 11. [The plant . . .] grew.
 12. [The plant . . .] grew.
 13. [The plant . . .] grew.
 14. The plant . . . grew.
 15. 'Oh Enki, for me is reckoned this one, yea, is reckoned this one.'²
 16. His herald, this divine Isimu unto her spoke (saying, Enki said);
 17. 'As for the plants, their fates I have determined for ever.'

¹ At this point as far as line 14 was preserved, the description of the garden cultivated by Tagtug after the Flood, and here is laid the tragedy of the Fall, according to the Nippurian version.

² Here begins the drama of the Fall in which the mother-goddess, the messenger Isimu, and the god Enki are the divine actors and the half-divine, half-human Tagtug the protagonist. The mother-goddess begins the drama.

18. 'What is this? What is this?' (she replied).
 19. His herald, this divine Isimu, answered her;
 20. 'My king³ as to the woody plants has commanded;
 21. "He shall cut off, he shall eat."
 22. My king as to the fruit-bearing plants has commanded;
 23. "He shall pluck, he shall eat."
 24. My king as to the . . . plants has commanded;
 25. "He shall cut off, he shall eat."
 26. My king as to the prickly plants has commanded;
 27. "He shall pluck, he shall eat."
 28. My king as to the . . . plants has commanded;
 29. "[He shall cut off,] he shall eat."
 30. [My king as to the . . . plants] has commanded;
 31. "[He shall pluck; he shall eat]."
 32. [My king as to the . . . plants has commanded];
 33. "[He shall cut off; he shall eat]."
 34. [At that time]⁴ the cassia plant he approached.
 35. He plucked, he ate.
 36. . . . the plant whose fate he had determined therein she came upon.
 37. Ninharsag⁵ in the name of Enki uttered a curse.
 38. 'The face of life until he dies⁶ not shall he see.'
 39. The Anunnaki⁷ in the dust sat down (to weep).
 40. Angrily unto Enlil⁸ she spoke.
 41. 'I, Ninharsag, begat thee children, and what is my reward?'
 42. Enlil the begetter angrily replied;
 43. 'Thou, oh Ninharsag, hast begotten children, (therefore)
 44. "In my city two creatures I will make for thee," shall thy name be called.'
 45. The *renowned*—his head as a *prototype* she had moulded.
 46. His *foot* as a *prototype* she had designed.
 47. His eyes as a *prototype* she had made luminous.

Column III. of the reverse then describes how the gods sent divine patrons to comfort mankind. In this column I have no rectifications to make. The connexion between these patrons and those of the Hebrew version has been discussed in detail in the official edition. The alterations made in this, my most recent version, will, I think, not only render the Nippurian theory of the Fall of Man more intelligible, but they greatly strengthen the argument adhered to throughout my volume.

³ *I.e.* Enki.

⁴ My previous restoration *lugal-mu* was erroneous. The subject of the verb is, of course, Tagtug, and we may either supply his name here or the adverb *ud-bi-a*, which usually indicates the critical moment in Sumerian narrative poetry. This restoration is by far the most probable.

⁵ A title of the mother-goddess Nintud.

⁶ *I.e.*, as long as he lives he shall not see good health, in the prediluvian sense.

⁷ Spirits of the nether sea, created by Enki.

⁸ The earth-god.

The Object of the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. J. BONNAR RUSSELL, B.D., ABERDEEN.

THE object of the Fourth Gospel, as stated by the writer (20³¹), is, by means of a narrative of selected 'signs,' to produce a certain conviction, or belief, regarding the Person of Jesus,—namely, that He is the Christ, the Son of God. That is the writer's immediate object. His ulterior aim is to impart Life by means of this conviction. It at once occurs to the reflective reader to ask how Eternal Life is connected with such a conviction.

The Evangelist seems bent on implanting belief of a statement regarding Christ as the very root of life eternal. And that is what we find so difficult. For it seems to displace the relations of religion and dogma, and to make theology the *prius* of life. Now that the relations of life and theology are vital, we suppose no reader of these pages would be concerned to deny. It is not the connexion, but the order of precedence, that is in question. And surely theology here is 'the second, not the first.' Surely theology, like philosophy, must come 'after the fact.'

That is the position which we would naturally take up. But it does not seem to be the Evangelist's position. If he had said, 'I want you to trust in Jesus Christ, and to surrender yourselves to His control,' his aim would have found a more sympathetic reception. But apparently that is not his immediate aim. He aims at belief not as trust, but as assent. And he aims at producing assent, as the sufficient condition of Life Eternal.

It is possible, of course, that the Evangelist understates the nature of the conclusion to which he desires to bring his readers. While saying that he desires to have them believe that Jesus is the Christ, he may, implicitly, mean that he desires to win them to trust in Jesus in that character.

On the view upheld in this paper, these two things are so different that there is a strong presumption that the Evangelist would not say the one while meaning the other. The presumption is that he means exactly what he says, and his work should be examined, to begin with, on that presumption.

It is our view, then, that the Evangelist holds a clear distinction between trust and belief. Trust

attaches to a person, belief to a statement. The two things are quite separable in thought, and are constantly separated in experience. One may trust a person in general, without pinning his faith to every statement he makes. And similarly, one may believe a statement, even though it comes from a person in whom one has no sort of general confidence. Generally speaking, of course, the two go together. A statement is believed, or not, according as the person making it is trusted, or not. Trust may therefore be defined as a general preparedness to believe what the trusted person says; and belief is this trust called into active operation, on occasion of a statement made by the trusted person. Nevertheless, the distinction is quite clear between them—trust attaching to the person, and belief to the statement.

This distinction is important for understanding the Evangelist, precisely because he makes so much of witness and testimony. His whole case rests on testimony. He wants a certain statement regarding Jesus to be believed, and he hopes to have it believed on the strength of the testimony given to it. Now the statement to be believed is well-nigh incredible. The Evangelist himself would be the first to acknowledge that. Corresponding to the difficulty of belief, therefore, must be the weight of testimony. The weight of the Witness must be such as to overbear the natural difficulty of belief. In short, *belief* being so difficult, *trust* must be raised to its highest power.

Who, then, are the witnesses cited? They are, mainly, four—the Baptist, Jesus Himself, the Father, and the Spirit. Of these, the Spirit's witness to Jesus is, from the standpoint of the gospel, only a promise. The Spirit is not yet given. He will testify when He is sent.

This reduces the witnesses to three—the Baptist, Jesus, and the Father. Obviously these three are not on the same plane. For both the Baptist and Jesus are men among men, but no man hath seen the Father at any time, nor heard from Him a voice, which he could rank among audible voices (5³⁷). The Evangelist makes it plain that the Father's witness is given (in part) through the Baptist and through Jesus. Ultimately, therefore,

there is but *One* witness to Jesus as Christ—namely, the Father.

It is as *sent* by the Father, and as speaking for the Father, that all other witnesses appear. John was a man 'sent from God.' Jesus is *the* Sent of God. The Spirit, too, when He comes, will be sent. The whole of their witness is therefore the testimony of the One Ultimate Witness—the Father.

Viewed in its whole extent, the witness of the Father to Jesus as Christ is given—(a) in O.T. Scripture; (b) through the Baptist; (c) in the miracles of Jesus; (d) in the self-consciousness of Jesus, as disclosed in His words. In and with all these, according to the view of the Evangelist, is to be heard the Father's Witness, the Divine testimony that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. Thus by weight of a Witness no less than Divine, the Evangelist hopes to establish confidence in a statement of otherwise incredible difficulty. Testimony less weighty would never suffice to produce belief. It was as inadequate, not as derogatory, that Jesus refused the 'testimony of man' (5³⁴). *The belief, then, which the Evangelist strives to produce is no mere adhesion to a dogmatic utterance regarding the person of Christ. Belief is belief of God's testimony.* It sets the believer's seal to this, that God is true (3³³); as, on the contrary, unbelief makes '*God a liar*' (1 Jn 5¹⁰).

The true nature of belief, as belief of God's testimony, being thus discovered, the intimate—yes, vital—relations of Belief and Life begin to appear.

In the first place, even to *hear* God's testimony implies a measure of spiritual faculty—a potency, at least, of spiritual life. For a man to be able, whether in the words of Scripture, or in the character and mission of the Baptist, or in the character, words, and deeds of Christ, to discern the Divine voice—this is already to be, in some measure, at least, alive. It is from this point of view we begin to understand those sayings of Christ which imply a previous relation to God (or to Himself) in those who come to Him. 'My sheep hear my voice.' 'Other sheep I have, not of this fold.' 'No man can come unto me, except the Father, which hath sent me, draw him.' 'Every one that hath heard, and learned of the Father, cometh unto me.' Such expressions have by some been held to imply a strain of Gnostic dualism in the Evangelist's thought—sundering humanity into two separate parties, of pneumatic and psychical, or what not. Those who think so can hardly, we

think, have given sufficient notice to what the prologue says of the pre-natal relations of Christ to mankind. The Logos lightens *every man*. The light shines in darkness, however, and contends with darkness, and in each individual case the issue of the strife remains uncertain—until the *crisis* comes (3¹⁹). The crisis is occasioned by the coming of God's Word to the man. How will he receive it? As the veritable voice of God, or not? That proves whether the faculty has been kept or lost. Faintly, at first, and confusedly, but ever more clearly and convincingly, the ear which is not absolutely deaf discerns the authentic accents of God's voice, and with the hearing comes belief of what is heard. Thus, belief of God's testimony regarding His Son itself implies a degree of spiritual life, or, at the very least, a potency of Life.

But, secondly, the Word heard is itself creative and life-giving ('My words are spirit and life,' 6⁶³; and cf. 5²⁵). It is not as hearing God saying just *anything* that proves, or makes, men living. It is as hearing God say, 'This is my beloved Son!'

And here we come upon the full meaning of the Divine testimony to Jesus as the Christ. That testimony is not merely an affirmation of the divinity of Jesus. It is equally an affirmation of the humanity of Christ. For in the equation 'Jesus = Christ' the emphasis rests on the first term equally with the second. In a word, God's testimony affirms the INCARNATION, and such a tremendous fact cannot lodge in naked bareness in the mind that harbours it. It comes clothed with the Divine motive and purpose. It comes in inseparable connexion with the gospel of the love of God. It is, in short, the Word of Life. To take life-giving effect, it only needs to be believed.

In other words, the statement as to the real nature of Jesus, believed on the testimony of God, turns out to be of the nature of a promise of Life, or, even more, a mandate, like 'Lazarus, come forth!' As a *statement* of God, it creates belief; as a *promise* of God, it evokes reliance; as a *summons* of God, it enables obedience. Such is the beginning of Eternal Life, as far as any beginning is humanly traceable.

But the same Word which creates Life also sustains it. For Life, in its fullest expression, is fellowship with God. And just as words are the medium of human intercourse, so the Incarnate Word is the medium of that fellowship which is

Life Eternal. Jesus, the Word-made-flesh, becomes the medium of communion between the soul and God. The Spirit takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us—for the enrichment of the believer's thought and for the guidance of the believer's practical life. To this Life of fellowship with God, through the medium of Jesus, the Eternal Word, no assignable limits can be placed ('It doth not yet appear what we shall be'). For all the heart of God is expressed in that Word, and the measure of the believer's appropriation of its significance for his thought and conduct, is the measure of his Life. To know Jesus, in this pregnant sense of knowing, is to know the Father, and in this knowledge is Life Eternal.

Summing up the course of our argument, it is, briefly, this: The Evangelist wishes to implant belief of a statement regarding Jesus, for in this belief, he knows, is Life Eternal. But this statement regarding Jesus, though capable of, and demanding, theological expression, is not of theological origin. It

is not, in the last analysis, the statement of a man or a Church or a Council. Though mediated through these and other ways, it is the testimony of God. And that fact establishes its vital relations with Life. For, to begin with, the very capacity to hear God testifying, argues at least the potency of life—testifies to something in the constitution of mankind to which the voice of God can come. And in the second place, the Word of God is, as always, a creative, life-giving, energizing Power. The testimony of God to Jesus is, in one aspect, a statement, in another it is a promise or, still more, a life-giving word. Hearing it, the dead come forth. And as it gives life at the beginning, so it sustains it continuously. Man lives, not by bread only, but by this Word which cometh down from heaven. By means of it, he maintains fellowship with God, and in such fellowship learns to know God and Life Eternal. And, out of the fulness of a blessed experience, he confesses, 'This is the true God and Eternal Life!'

In the Study.

THE Rev. Archibald Alexander, M.A., B.D., is a master of the short conversational sermon. He himself calls it a 'talk.' But it is no 'prostitution of the pulpit.' Every sermon is both doctrinal and experimental. His new book is entitled *A Day at a Time* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net). This is one of the 'talks' in it:

God's Door of Hope.

The world has a scheme of redemption of its own, and men can themselves do something for the brother who has fallen. But the plan involves, invariably, a change of surroundings. Worldly wisdom says, of the youth who is making a mess of his life, 'Ship him off to the colonies, try him with a new start on another soil.' But the grace of God promises a far more wonderful salvation. It makes possible a new start on the very spot of the old failure. It leads a man back to the scene of the old failure. It leads a man back to the scene of his old disloyalty, and promises him a new memory that shall blot out and redeem the old. God does not take the depressed and discouraged out of their surroundings. He adds an

inward something that enables them to conquer where they stand. It is not some new untried sphere that God gilds with promise. It is the old place where one has already failed and fallen. It is the valley of Achor, the scene of Israel's defeat, and Achan's shame and sin, that God gives to His people as a door of hope.

In Italian history, during the Middle Ages, the republics of Pisa and Genoa were often at war, and at one time the Genoese were badly beaten in a sea-fight near the little island of Meloria. Some years after, a Genoese admiral took his fleet to that same spot and said, 'Here is the rock which a Genoese defeat has made famous. A victory would make it immortal.' And sure enough, the fight that followed ended in a great victory for Genoa. It is that sort of hope that God holds out to all defeated souls who put their trust in Him. He points us back to our valley of Achor, the place with a memory we do not like to think of, and He says, 'There is your door of Hope, go back and try again.' And those who go back in His strength are enabled to write a new memory upon the old shame.

Our Lord and Master is very gracious to forgive us when we come to Him in penitence to tell Him of the position we have lost by our faithlessness or our cowardice, but He does not consent to the ultimate defeat of the very feeblest of His soldiers. 'Go back and try again,' is His order. There are many, as Dr. Matheson says, who offer us a golden to-morrow, but it is only Christ who enables us to retrieve our yesterday. For His grace is more than forgiveness. It is the promise to reverse the memory of Achor, to turn defeat into victory even yet.

Achor, further, literally means Trouble, and it is a great thing for us when we have learned that even there God has for us a door of hope.

The valley of Trouble is perhaps the last place in the world where the uninstructed would look for any fruit of harvest, and yet again and again men have brought the fairest flowers of character and holiness out of it. How many a devout and useful servant of Christ owes the beginning of his allegiance to a serious illness, to some crippling disappointment, to an overwhelming sorrow? In all humility there are many who can say, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted,' and there are many, many more about whom their friends often quote that text.

I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she,
But oh, the things I learned from her,
When Sorrow walked with me!

There is a door of Hope even in the valley of Trouble, and those who tread it in God's company shall not fail to find it.

There is one other class who need to know that even in Achor there is a door of hope, the depressed and discouraged. Phillips Brooks once declared, 'I came near doing a dreadful thing the other day. I was in East Boston, and I suddenly felt as if I must get away from everything for a while. I went to the Cunard dock and asked if the steamer had sailed. She had been gone about an hour. I believe if she had still been there, I should have absconded.' I wonder if there is any one who has not known that feeling? When

duty is dull, and circumstances discouraging, when we seem to be merely ploughing the sands, 'Oh,' we say, 'for the wings of a dove!' Comfort and happiness and salvation seem to lie solely in escape. And it may be that they do. But more often the trouble is in ourselves, and would travel with us to the new post.

If there be any depressed or discouraged reading these lines, I should like to remind them of God's promise, to give the valley of Achor—that is the depressing scene of your labours, my brother—for a door of hope. You are looking for your hope somewhere else, anywhere else provided it be out of your present rut and drudgery. In reality your door of hope lies in the rut, in the valley itself. It is not escape you need. It is just a braver faith that God is in your valley with you, and that He needs you there.

Take a firmer grip of that, and go back to where you serve, and you will find, please God, that even in your valley He has opened a door of Hope and Gladness.

May all those who are living and working these days in the valley of Achor find in it somewhere God's Door of Hope.

PRAYER.

Grant us, O God, the faith that in Thy strength we can yet succeed even in the place where we have failed. Teach us that it is Thy whisper we hear, when we have fallen into Despond, bidding us rise and try again. And grant us the courage to be sure, since Thou hast a tryst to meet and help us there, that even our Achor shall open to us its door of hope. Amen.

Virginitus Puerisque.

I.

1916.

'A little maid.'—2 K 5².

'A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.'—Pr 31³⁰.

Most of you children know what a sampler is. It is a piece of sewed or embroidered work done by girls for practice. One very interesting thing about samplers is that the older they are the more wonderful they seem to be. As many of you know, it is nearly three hundred years since Shakespeare died, yet in his *Midsummer Night's Dream* he makes Helena say:

'(We) with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one cushion.'

So you can understand how it is possible to come across very fine specimens occasionally.

To-day I want to tell you about a sampler that hangs on the wall of a room in Edinburgh. Every time I went to see a certain invalid friend there, I passed that sampler. At first it simply impressed me as being of beautiful colouring—delicate blues, and greens, and browns, with touches here and there of bright red. There are artists who make collections of old samplers, and I don't wonder.

One day, however, I stopped to examine it. In the distance the lettering—all sewn with silk—had looked like verses of poetry. It was the ten commandments in rhyme. They were in two columns, six in the one, and four in the other. Here are the first six, as given on the old sampler. (Listen, and try to recognize each commandment as it comes):

I.	IV.
Adore no other God	Let Sabbaths be a rest
But only Me.	For Beasts and Men.
II.	V.
Worship not God	Honour thy parents
By anything you see.	To prolong thy days.
III.	VI.
Revere Jehovah's name	Thou shalt not kill
Swear not in vain.	Nor murd'ring quarrels raise.

Underneath there were mottoes, also worked in the old-fashioned cross stitch.

Remember thy Creator	Obey thy parents
In thy youth.	Walk in the paths of truth.
Despair of nothing	Experience best is gained
That you would attain	Without much cost
Unwearied diligence	Read men and books
Your point will gain.	Then practise what thou knowest.

Then followed the name of 'A little maid':

ALLISON TURNBULL
Her work. Done in the
11th year of her age
1770.

It was a very fine old sampler, and it must have been a quaint little girl who sewed it. So I thought, and then passed on. Allison was soon forgotten; it seemed so at least.

But lately something brought her back to my mind. It was the story of what the boys of this country have been doing for us during the past sixteen months. I thought of that little maid who, when she was ten years old, sat stitch, stitch, stitch at a sampler, growing to be a woman and becoming one of the mothers of whom to-day we think and speak with reverence. It is they who have made the men of the nation what they are. You children do not need to be told how brave our boys have shown themselves. And I wonder if it ever occurs to you that not only their mothers, but their grandmothers, their great-grandmothers, and their great-great-grandmothers, have had a hand in endowing them with such splendid courage, and such a high sense of duty.

President Lincoln was the wisest and best beloved President America ever had, and he said that he never forgot the religion he learned at his mother's knee. John Wesley, the great Methodist preacher, when he was a man of thirty years of age, remembered his mother's rules for the house, and sent to ask her to write them down for him. Mrs. Wesley was of gentle birth, yet her married life was one of great poverty. When her eldest boy was born, she and her husband had very little to live on—not more than what nowadays is a comparatively small house rent—yet she managed the house-keeping splendidly, and never allowed herself to get into debt.

But everything is changed since then. No little girls sit stitching at samplers. No boys are kept so strictly at lessons as the little Wesleys were. Play is part of your day's work.

Nevertheless the children of the olden time preach a sermon to us. The 'little maid' of the Bible took the whole burden of her master's terrible illness upon her wee shoulders. I believe she would seem even more old-fashioned to you than Allison. And Allison, I feel sure, was a very careful little girl who wasted none of her threads. The very way her sampler was worked showed that.

Day after day just now your mother keeps speaking about the cost of things. She warns you against wastefulness. Our statesmen have been urging the same thing. They tell us that we must all be economical for a very long time: the war has cost and is costing us so much that, as a nation, we have to learn to think of ourselves as poor.

Your day has come, boys and girls. You can all help the nation by making a resolution at the beginning of 1916, to be careful in little things, to take care of your books, your pencils, your sports outfits, or it may be your toys, and—your *clothes*.

But it is especially the day of the girls. When Solomon was king, his mother one day came to visit him and make a request. Although she asked something that Solomon could not grant her, he remembered all that he owed to his mother, and he had a throne set for her at his side. And a wise writer in the Old Testament sets a woman upon a throne. She is something like the Mrs. Wesley of whom I have been speaking, and also like the woman we can imagine little Allison became. Here are a few of the things that the writer says:—

A virtuous woman who can find? For her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband trusteth in her, and she shall have no lack of gain.

She layeth her hands to the distaff,
And her hands hold the spindle.

She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry;

She looketh well to the ways of her household,
And eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed:

Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying:

'Many daughters have done virtuously,

But thou excellest them all.'

It seems to you very difficult to try to be like that, does it not? But for what follows I should not ask you to think of trying.

The wise man goes on to say:

Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain,
But a woman that feareth the Lord,
She shall be praised.

Even that does not make it easy. But Mrs. Wesley had a great friend who helped her. He was the Lord Jesus Christ. If you boys and girls ask Him, He will help every one of you: then our nation need have no fear for the future, for you will really have given yourselves to that future. With Mrs. Wesley's friend as yours, you will be better than a man that taketh a city.

II.

Children of the West Wind.

'An exceeding strong west wind.'—Ex 10¹⁹.

I have left the West wind to the last, but although it is last, please don't run away with the idea that it is in any sense least. The West wind has a very important part to play in these islands. Those who watch the winds tell us that there are almost two days in which West and South-West winds blow over them to one day that easterly winds blow. I don't know whether the proportion of West-wind people to East-wind people is the same, but I think you will find that the number of West-wind people is not at all small. Perhaps there are more to be found in Ireland than in England and Scotland, but that is just as it should be, is it not? Ireland lies to the West, and it is exposed to the breezes from the Atlantic.

Now, let us see what are the characteristics of the West wind. Well, first of all, it is a warm wind. It blows off the great Atlantic Ocean, and it carries with it some of the warmth of the Gulf Stream which does so much to keep our Islands mild.

West-wind people are very warm-hearted. They give you a welcome when you go among them, and are ready to share what they have with you. They are kindly, sympathetic, and affectionate. Perhaps their affections are not very deep; they are apt to forget you when you are out of sight; but then you must remember what a lot of people find accommodation in their hearts.

Then the West wind is rather a wet wind. It blows off a great expanse of ocean, bringing much moisture with it, and when this warm, moist air touches the cold tops of our western mountains, the moisture comes down as rain.

I am not going to accuse the West-wind people of being mournful, but I think you will find they are more easily moved to laughter and to tears than the children of any other wind.

But the thing that has struck me most about the West wind is its fitfulness. Sometimes it blows quite softly. Then in a few minutes a stiff breeze has risen, and before long you have a hurricane, tearing the leaves off the trees, driving the dust in wild clouds, lashing the waves into angry foam.

I think this is the chief characteristic of the West-wind people. They are excitable, quick, not very dependable. They act on the impulse of the

moment, without stopping to think, and often they have much cause to regret their hasty actions. Their tempers are somewhat gusty, rising in a moment without the least warning, and often with very little cause. One moment these people are all gentleness and laughter, and the next a regular tempest is raging, so that every one is glad to get out of their way.

Now, West-wind people, I want you to look at your text—'An exceeding strong west wind.' And what did the 'exceeding strong west wind' do? It took up the locusts—that terrible plague which had been devouring every green thing in Egypt—'it took up the locusts, and drove them into the Red Sea.'

What I wish you to notice is that you are really wasting a great deal of energy. It is your nature to be gusty. Well, there are in the world plenty of great wrongs waiting to be blown away by big gales. What a lot of good you could do if you would only store up your energy, and use it against these wrongs, instead of squandering it in fitful gusts and storms in teapots. That energy of yours is a great power, but first you must learn to control it. You must learn to put the brake on your temper, and the brake on your impulses, or else you will be like a powerful engine rushing uncontrolled down a steep incline, to meet almost certain destruction at the bottom. Once a great general was talking about the battles he had fought and the victories he had won, and some one asked him which had been the proudest moment of his life. What do you think he answered? 'The grandest moment of my life,' he said, 'was when I got control of myself.'

I want to tell you about another man who gained the mastery over himself. His name was Louis, Duke of Burgundy, and he was the grandson of Louis XIV. of France. When he was quite small he was wilful, greedy, and cruel. His temper was so violent that his friends were afraid to play with him, because, when he lost a game, he flew into a terrible passion. When he was seven years of age he came under the charge of the wise and faithful Abbé de Fénelon. A year later he wrote the following promise on a piece of paper: 'I promise on the faith of a prince, to M. l'Abbé de Fénelon, that I will do at once whatever he bids me, and will obey him instantly in whatever he forbids; and if I break my word, I submit to every possible punishment and dishonour. Given at Versailles,

November 29, 1689. 'Signed, LOUIS.' The boy evidently found it was easier to make a promise than to keep it, for a few lines are added later. 'Louis, who promises anew to keep his promise better, September 20 . . . I beg M. de Fénelon to let me try again.' Louis did try again, and by the time his boyhood was over he had his temper well under control. He grew up strong and wise, with a fine sense of duty, and some people think that had he lived the French Revolution would never have taken place.

You are filled with energy and impulse, West-wind people, and you need a guiding hand to help you to control yourselves. If you trust to your own power you can never be sure that you will get the mastery, but there is One who can help you, and if you take Him as your Guide your energies will be turned to true and noble use.

The world has need of you all—children of the North, the South, the East, the West. So blow on fresh winds, blow all the cobwebs off this dusty old world, for we could not spare one of you.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

III.

Lovely Thoughts.

'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'—Ph 4^s.

There is a game, I have no doubt you know it, called 'What is my thought like?' in which one player thinks of something, and the others try to find out what it is. Have you ever played that game with yourself? How could you? Well, have you ever peeped into your own mind, and asked, 'What are my thoughts like?' You think you know. I am not so sure. I think if you saw on a lantern screen, all your thoughts for one day you would be very much surprised.

There is a fairy tale of a magic flute which had the power of compelling every one who heard it to speak aloud the thought which was in his mind. If we had that flute played to us, what strange revelations there might be! How ashamed we should be if those mean, wicked thoughts, and dis-

contented thoughts, and selfish thoughts which lurk at the bottom of our minds should all speak out. Then there are those envious, jealous thoughts which you scarcely know are there, and the revengeful thoughts that you hug for days till you have a chance to carry them into deeds. And remember your thoughts are *you*. What you say and what you do come from what you think. The angry blow would never be struck but for the angry thought. And even though they never come to words and actions, bad thoughts are bad for you and for others. They are bad for you, for they may spoil your whole character. You know that a man who indulges covetous thoughts may become a miserable miser, and a man who nurses a revengeful thought may do some dreadful deed. Perhaps you do not know that your thoughts affect even your health. People may make themselves ill by sullen, peevish, discontented thoughts, and good thoughts help to make sick people well. It is not so easy to see how your thoughts can hurt other people, but it is true. You will often hear some one say to another, 'Why, you have said exactly what I was thinking!' In some strange way, which we cannot yet explain, people do influence each other by their thoughts, and you are unconsciously a good or bad influence on the people you are with.

So you see how careful you should be with your thoughts. Perhaps you think you cannot help your thoughts. They wander here and there and you cannot tell how they come and go. Some one has said about this that you cannot help a bird alighting on your head, but you need not let it make its nest in your hair. You cannot help a thought coming into your mind, but you need not make it welcome to stay. Each time you let it come makes it easier for it to come again. The first time it comes over a new path to your mind, but the second time it comes on the road made the first time, and every time the road gets easier till it is a broad highway, and it is very difficult indeed to stop the traffic on it. The first time a bad thought comes you are shocked and sorry. That is the time to attack it, for the second time it does not seem so bad, and after that you are accustomed to it. So a wise old book says, 'Withstand the beginnings: the remedy is applied too late, when the evil has grown strong through long delay. For first there cometh to the mind a bare thought of evil, then a strong imagination

thereof, afterwards delight, and evil motion, and then consent. And so by little and little our wicked enemy getteth complete entrance, for that he is not resisted in the beginning.' That is the time, and the best way to do it is to fill your mind with good thoughts, so that there is no room for bad ones. If you leave your garden empty, weeds will spring, but if you fill it with flowers they will find no place to grow.

There is a very lovely poem, called 'The Shepherdess,' which pictures the thoughts as a flock of little white sheep, with their owner as the shepherdess. The shepherdess watches her sheep in case they should wander into forbidden, dangerous places. She keeps them from the dirty bog, where they might drink muddy water, and in which they might sink and get their white fleeces soiled and ugly. She keeps them pure and clean, and leads them to the high hill where the fresh fragrant breeze is blowing, to feed on the sweetest mountain pasture she can find. And so the shepherdess of thoughts watches her flock. They may run and skip and be as merry as they like, but they must not run into wrong places. They must keep away from every thing that will soil them and make them impure. They must be fed on clean pasture—the words and thoughts of noble men, and brave generous deeds, and earnest resolutions. They must be kept safe like the sheep and lambs, roaming by day under the care of a shepherdess, and shut up at night in the fold where nothing can get in to harm them. This is the poem:

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;

She guards them from the steep;

She feeds them on the fragrant height,

And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,

Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,

Though gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right;

She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—

A shepherdess of sheep.¹

¹ A. Meynell, *Poems*, 69.

What are you doing with your thoughts? Are they running wild anywhere, or are they a flock of little white sheep, kept and tended by the shepherdess? What do you feed them on? If you do not give them good pasture they will find bad. There are two ways in which thoughts are fed—by conversation and reading. What kind of things do you talk about to each other? If your talk is about silly secrets, and unkind tales, and boasting of yourself, what will your thoughts be like?

You would like to know the thoughts of other people. So you may, if you will take the trouble. The wisest and best of men have written down their thoughts, and their books are all waiting for you to read as soon as you can understand them. You may make companions of them, and share their thoughts; and make them your own. There are other men, too, who wrote no books, but who lived noble lives. To read about them will give you great things to think about. A book like Miss Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*, which you can get for a shilling, will give you something to feed your thoughts on for a long time; but are you likely to find lovely thoughts in comic papers? Have you ever heard what Ruskin said about this choice of what you read? He said, 'Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable-boy when you may talk with kings and queens?'

Yet when you have done all you can to shepherd your sheep, and to feed them on good pasture, you will find you will need help still. You will need the help you get in prayer, and you will find a very beautiful short prayer at the beginning of the Communion Service. 'O God, to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts, by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name, through Christ our Lord. Amen.'

IV.

Some of the 'Talks on Parade' of the Rev. J. Williams Butcher, which he has published with the title of *To Boys* (Allenson; 2s. 6d. net), are founded on famous Latin mottoes. These are not better than the rest of the Talks, but they open the way to a new source for addresses to the young, and we shall offer one of them by way of example.

Possunt quia Posse Videntur.

'There is no accounting for taste. One man likes what another loathes. Not long since I was talking to a friend of mine, who is a schoolmaster, and he said, "I have no use for school tales; I simply do not like them." Now I do. I make a rule of trying to read every tale of school life that I come across. There are some I never finish; they are "goody" and unreal. The greater number I enjoy, though of course they are not all of equal merit. If I had to make a list and arrange them in order of merit I should have to start by bracketing two as "equales." One is now an old favourite; and I am glad to know that it is still read by thousands of boys every year. Of course you know it? *Tom Brown's School-Days*. When I first read it I voted it A1; and I vote it the same to-day. The other, and it must be of high merit to rank with "Tom," is quite recent; it is called *Fathers of Men*.

'It is the story of a boy who won his way through, despite such difficulties that one would have felt nothing but sympathy for him had he gone under. One day when things were very bad, he had in Form a Latin lesson in which these words occur. The translation runs thus, "They can because they think they can." Now I am not going to tell you any more about the story or how Jan Ritter proved that he was "real grit." I want you to read the book; and then if you don't vote it "ripping," I shan't have a very good opinion of your judgment.

"They can because they think they can." Isn't that fine? "I can't!" O, you coward! If you say, "I can't," why then, of course, you won't, and there's an end of it; except that every decent fellow will vote you "No good." "I can't," is one of the very worst phrases in our language. It does not matter whether you are at school and are thinking of your work there; or at business and have in mind the making of yourself of some value to those who employ you; whether you are a Scout and are looking at those proficiency badges that you long to wear; or if you are in the Brigade and want to rise from the ranks; whether it is sport in which you think you would like to excel or some hobby that you thought you would pursue; if you say, "I can't," well, you simply won't; and that is all about it.

"I am not going to quote you the example of great men who have found things difficult and have said to themselves, "I will," and so have done the difficult thing. I know some of you are about sick of hearing about these heroes (which, by the way, is another proof of what duffers you are). I want just to ask you to think of the fellows of your own age, whom you know, who never say, "I can't," but who just go on trying, profiting by this failure and by that, until at last they do. I have one such boy in my mind to-day. He is a lad who has a great many things that do not help him, yet he "never says die"; the result is that he has overcome a good deal already, he is winning the good opinion of some who at first were dead set against him, and he has the making of a fine man, just because he won't be discouraged. I often see him, and I watch him with real admiration.

"I dare you to do it." Have you ever had that said to you? The words are very often used in a thoroughly stupid and evil way. One boy dares another to do some fool-hardy thing that is full of danger, and from which no good can possibly result. The boy who is "dared" thinks it a sign of weakness not to do the thing to which he has been thus challenged; so he does a thing that both his judgment and his conscience, alike, forbid. There is no true courage in this. We have, all of us, probably known fellows who have done really bad and harmful things just because some one who had a scarcity of brains "dared" them to do it. Both for the one who did the silly thing and for others who have suffered from it, the consequences have been full of disaster. It is not in this sense of the word that I want you to "dare yourselves" to do things. In a true and worthy sense, however, I call upon you to "dare yourselves" to do things that are hard and difficult.

"Be your best." Just think what you would be if you dared to be your best. At home, at school, at work, at play, with your parents, your employers, your friends; always your "best." Why, you can hardly recognize yourselves! Ever had your photograph taken? If so, you perhaps know that there is a process known as "touching up the negative." The result of this process is that when your friends see the finished photograph, they look at it and then at you, and say, "I say, old chap, I really didn't know you were so awfully good looking." It is not very

complimentary, but it is true. If you think what you would be like if you were ever trying to be your best, you will probably have to say the same thing to yourself. Why should you not make the actual as much like the possible as can be?

"Here is something that I fancy will surprise you. The very effort to be our "Best" is in itself a prayer. Further, it is the prayer that God always answers. Why? Because it is so real. It is not only "from the lip"; it is "of the life." That is to say, you do not simply say, "Please God, make me good"; you go much further and say, "Please God, I'm trying hard and I am seeking and expecting Thy help."

"When we were at school and learnt a little grammar, we heard something about the degrees of comparison of adjectives—"Good," "Better," "Best." The "Best" does not come all at once. Some fail because they forget the law of progress. When we look at that photograph that we have tried to take and see our possible "Best," it does not mean that it is possible to-day and now. Yet that far-off "best" will never be possible without to-day's "best." I am reading a biography of a man who, during his boyhood, had a keen longing to be an artist. His friends were not very encouraging at first; they pointed out so many faults; they would not let him use colour until he could draw well: "form first, colour after," was their rule. Often he would look at some great picture and think, "I wish I could paint like that." His mother's rule was, "Do your best to-day, and then to-morrow's best will be a little better." That is the lesson for you to learn. Your "best" to-day in order that to-morrow's "best" may be better.

"Do not be cast down if you don't get at the top with one leap. We smile at the old story of Bruce and the spider, and we think that we have heard the adage, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again," often enough. Yet if I were to talk to you for the whole day, I could not say anything more suited to the mood and need of some here present than if I quoted over and over again this saying of our childhood. Few words are wiser. It's the "trying again" that daunts some of us. Let us make up our minds not to be daunted. Among the books that were given me during my boyhood was one that told the story of Palissy, the Huguenot potter. Do you know it? It is perhaps as fine an illustration of this motto

as any I could find. He meant to find out the lost art of glazing china. He laboured for years; he lost all that he had; he laboured on in direst poverty; but he found the secret. He found it because he thought he could. Jan Ritter did because he thought he could.

'Boys! believe you can, believe in yourselves because you believe in God, and believe also that "God helps those who help themselves."' "

Point and Illustration.

Footnotes to Life.

The man must have an uncommonly fresh mind who can publish a volume of detached sayings and compel us to read the volume. The Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., is the man. His volume is called *Footnotes to Life* (John Lane; 3s. 6d. net). Dr. Crane is no epigrammatist like Mr. Chesterton. Nor is he keen upon saying clever things. And yet his words have often the surprise of the cleverest epigram. It is not easy to see where the interest enters, for the things he says are not necessarily new. But take an example:

The Touch of Tragedy in Success.—There is a touch of tragedy in every success. At the gaining of every sweet desire there is a sprinkle of ashes upon the lip. Tears are not far from laughter. Death is behind all life.

When Solomon had achieved wisdom and riches more than any man, he wrote, 'Vanity of vanities! All is vanity!' 'All crowns,' said Sir John Lubbock, 'are more or less crowns of thorns.'

Even sanctity is lonely. What so solitary a figure in the lists of time as that of Jesus? Every pure heart is, in a way, a monk or nun, dwelling in its cell; and in the very fullness of holiness is a little gnawing hunger for lost human companionship.

The heights of wisdom and philosophy are not warm. The victory of the moral hero is greatness, not comfort. Sometimes this takes a cynic tinge. Phocion, when he was applauded by the people, turned to one of his friends and said, 'I must, without knowing it, have said some foolish thing.' When a young man, sitting next Dr. Samuel Johnson at table, laughed immoderately at everything the learned doctor said, the latter finally turned to him and said, 'Young man, I trust I have said nothing you could comprehend.'

Jerusalem.

Jerusalem—Jerusalem as it is to-day—Jerusalem as it is seen with the eyes of Pierre Loti, and described with Pierre Loti's pen—that is what we find in English in the translation made by Mr. W. P. Baines, added to the uniform edition of Pierre Loti's works, and illustrated with coloured pictures by Mr. John Fulleylove, R.I. The title is simply *Jerusalem* (Werner Laurie; 7s. 6d. net).

Loti came to the place of a garden. "That," said the white-robed Father, "I need not name for you; you know what it is, do you not?"

'And lowering his voice, as in respectful awe, he pronounces the name:

"Gethsemane!"

'Gethsemane! No, I did not know it, for I am still but a pilgrim newly come to Jerusalem. But the sound of the name moves me to the fibres of my being, and I gaze at the still distant apparition with complex and indescribable feelings, in which tenderness and suffering are mingled.'

He went out the way of Calvary. 'The threshold of this City Gate is a gigantic monolith, in which may still be seen the holes for the enormous hinges, the central groove for the bars used in shutting the gate.

'A strange road truly, strange and unique, ending abruptly in an immense impenetrable wall, and nevertheless pointing, in its slope and direction, with a kind of mutilated, broken gesture of indication which yet is undeniable and decisive, the way to Calvary. And this threshold, what a moving thing it is to gaze upon, with still its polish of age-long use! The feet of Christ, heavy with the weight of the cross, once no doubt pressed upon it!

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?" said the angel announcing the Resurrection (St. Luke xxiv. 5); and these words have become as it were the device of evangelical Christians, who set no store by the holy places. But I have ceased to be one of them, and as I shall never be able to join the ranks of the multitudes who scorn Christ or forget Him, I have fallen back amongst those who seek Him hopelessly among the dead. And here now I am seeking everywhere His shadow, which perhaps does not exist, but which for all that remains adorable and benign. And I submit, without understanding it, to the spell of His memory—the sole human memory that has kept

the power to release the tears that heal. . . . And I bow down in all humility, in deep devotion, before this funereal old threshold, but yesterday brought back to light, which knew perhaps the last steps of Jesus on that morning when He left the city, suffering, like the least among us, in the great mystery of His end.'

Mysticism.

The writers on Mysticism are many, but the Mystics are few. May we call Arthur Edward Waite a mystic? There is the difficulty that he knows so much about other Mystics and even other writers on Mysticism. A Mystic ought to be aware of himself and God, and no other. Certainly, in his new book on *The Way of Divine Union*, (Rider; 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Waite shows ample acquaintance with the history and the biography of his subject.

Still he is a Mystic. The Way is his. He has passed through the hardship of the discipline. He speaks with the assurance of one who has attained. Even the very manner of his language, so nearly unintelligible to 'that symbolical scapegoat called the man in the street,' is possible only to one who knows and dares. He has entered upon the 'easy ascent.'

He says: 'The sinking of the self-will in the will of God is only a work of love. We cannot escape it in love, and outside this we cannot proceed to any part of the work, not even if we had that kind of inclination which sometimes assumes but does not deserve the name of will. The reason is that then the Divine Will is to us as a sealed mystery. The difficulty is to reach the super-eminent grade of love. It is this precisely which has justified me from the beginning in affirming that the mystical work is the hardest enterprise which can be undertaken by the human soul. But the grade reached, it is then *ludus puerorum*. Then *facilis*, indeed, is the *ascensus superni*. The supernatural is with us and in us.'

But let us detach a single thought. There are few that are detachable. It is the thought of Hell.

'In a work the design of which is to open heaven within the consciousness of Christians, I have no call to speak of hell; but if one be the term attained in God, its opposite is the term missed—which may happen in a thousand ways,

apart from all questions of stability and permanence. O place of many mansions! Hell has a thousand cities, and not one of them is free from the worm of search or from the preaching of many doctrines of beatitude and salvation. It is the region where men dree their weirds and purge their Karma and work their redemption in a myriad figments of the mind, but the processes are false. The following of a true process is of course the path of escape. Apart from this, the worm of unrest dieth not and the fire of hunger and thirst is not quenched. Yet are they a process of concealed redemption, operating below the consciousness of the weariful world. If there were rest in hell the mouth of the abyss would close on all its hierarchies. We know too well what qualities of need and longing are taken by crowds of humanity out of this life into the next—as one might say, out of their hell here, God help us all! For this world is hell or heaven, as we make and mould it—after our image and likeness. There is a sense also in which it can be said with a heart of gratitude that the holiest hell of all is the hunger and thirst after righteousness, for the state of separation is hell, notwithstanding "all its hourly varied anodynes." This is why hell's summit has above it the earth of Paradise.'

The Signing of the National Covenant.

It is a surprise to many that the history of the Church in Scotland can be found in the biography of its great men. For is not Presbytery the ruthless leveller? Perhaps men become more truly great the less greatness is officially thrust upon them. Mr. T. Ratcliffe Barnett has written a biographical history of the Scottish Church. His title is *The Makers of the Kirk* (T. N. Foulis; 6s. net). He has the coveted pen of the ready writer; and he has great affection for the Kirk. Let us quote his short introduction to that scene of scenes, the Signing of the Covenant:

'It was a winter's day, the 28th of February 1638, and sixty thousand folk had crowded into Edinburgh to confess their faith. The National Covenant had been drawn, and the place for the signing was fixed in Greyfriars' Kirkyard—the upper yard of the old monastery of the Grey Friars, where a plain, modest kirk had been built by the reformers. To-day there is a sigh of an old and far-off time about this old kirkyard—but then it

was a new resting-place of the dead. How fair a spot it must have been on that snell winter day! The grassy slope fell away northwards to the Grass-market, where the gibbet stood—that bloody Scots Calvary of the Covenanters. Beyond the Grass-market rose the rugged castle rock against the clear sky. A new place and a fair place was this to seal the Scots folks' faith that day. But an old place and a sacred place is Greyfriars' Kirkyard to us to-day, with its ancient graves, its mossy turf, its martyr monuments, and its old-time memories of the brave days, long gone by, when our forebears wrenched religious freedom for us from the unhallowed hands of king's men and pope's men.'

The book is enriched with four-and-twenty illustrations chiefly portraits of the great men.

Too Late.

'On one occasion a large number of the Haidas of another tribe had been slaughtered on the threshold of the great lodge in which I was. They had been insulted or injured by the Massett Haidas, who, in order to make peace, had invited them to a feast. They determined to avail themselves of this opportunity to avenge themselves, and came to the feast with their weapons concealed under their garments. A report of their intention had been secretly conveyed to the chief who had invited them. Intent on their own plan of revenge, they little suspected the change of fare which had been provided for them. Within the narrow doorway were posted two powerful warriors, one on either side, each armed with a war club. The guests arrived in a long line, led by their chief, each prepared for deeds of blood. But as each entered with head bowed low through the low and narrow portal, one powerful blow from the concealed guard was sufficient, and as the body was dragged aside quickly by those in waiting, they raised a shout of welcome in chorus to disarm suspicion in those following. In this way the entire number was disposed of, and only two great heaps of corpses to right and left of the entrance remained to tell the tale. The concealed weapon which was found on each of them satisfied their slayers that their action was well merited.'

Into the house where this was done the Rev. W. H. Collison, Archdeacon of Metlakahtla, invited the leading men of the tribe to hear his story. When he had spoken, the Chief rose and

said that he had come too late. 'You have come too late,' he said, 'for the smallpox has taken away many, and the fire-water has dimmed our sight; and both came from the land of the iron people where the sun rises (Canada and the United States).'

The title of the book is *In the Wake of the War Canoe* (Seeley; 5s. net). It is Archdeacon Collison's stirring record of 'forty years' successful labour, peril and adventure amongst the savage Indian tribes of the Pacific Coast, and the piratical head-hunting Haidas of the Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.'

Life's Springtime.

Life's Springtime (Simpkin; 1s. 6d. net) is the title which Mr. J. Ellis (that kind friend of the busy preacher) has given to a selection of 'helpful practical thoughts to guide those entering on life's responsible journey.' Take this from Olive Schreiner:

Concentration.—The secret of success is concentration, wherever there has been a great life, or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little, look at everything a little, but live for one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end, and moves straight for it, and for it alone.

And this from De Gaspann:

Optimism.—Nothing that has ever lived is lost, nothing is useless; not a sigh, a joy, or a sorrow which has not served its purpose. Our tears are numbered, the fragrance of our innocent pleasures mounts heavenward as a sweet-smelling savour. Let us take courage.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

For some years before his death it was the intention of Theodore Watts-Dunton to publish in volume form, under the title of *Old Familiar Faces*, the recollections of his friends that he had from time to time contributed to *The Athenæum*. What he did not live to do himself has been done for him. Under the title of *Old Familiar Faces*, a volume has been published containing personal recollections of Borrow, D. G. Rossetti, Tennyson, Christina G. Rossetti, Gordon Hake, Lord de Tabley, William Morris, and Francis Hindes Groome (Herbert Jenkins; 5s. net).

The notice of Tennyson, written on the issue of the Memoir, is very appreciative. One is glad to read it in these days of indifference. But the heartiest writing in the book is that on George Borrow. Mr. Watts-Dunton knew Borrow intimately in the end of his long life—before he went home to Norwich to die, which took seven years—and he loved him greatly. That he was not loved by everybody who knew him is made clear enough in the short sketch of Dr. Gordon Hake. But then Hake and Borrow were so different. 'Borrow was shy, eccentric, angular, rustic in accent and in locution, but with a charm for me, at least, that was irresistible. Hake was polished, easy, and urbane in everything, and, although not without prejudice and bias, ready to shine gracefully in any society. As far as Hake was concerned, the sole

link between them was that of reminiscence of earlier days and adventures in Borrow's beloved East Anglia.'

In the Introduction, which is not written by Watts-Dunton, there is a true Borrowian anecdote. "No living man knew Borrow as well as Thomas Hake," Watts-Dunton once remarked to a friend. To the young Hakes, Lavengro was a great joy, and they would often accompany him part of his way home from Coombe End. On one occasion Borrow said to the youngest boy, "Do you know how to fight a man bigger than yourself?" The lad confessed that he did not. "Well," said Borrow, "you challenge him to fight, and when he is taking off his coat, you hit him in the stomach as hard as you can and run for your life."

Studies in Pauline Vocabulary.

Of Hyperbole.

BY THE REV. R. MARTIN POPE, M.A., KESWICK.

A DISTINCTIVE mark of St. Paul's style is his use of verbs and adverbs compounded of *ὑπέρ*. In the majority of cases the prefix *ὑπέρ* is an intensive form of the original local significance of the preposition = 'over,' 'beyond': hence such a form as *ὑπερεγτυχάνω*, where the preposition means 'for the sake of,' is left out of our discussion. We may begin with the verb *ὑπερβάλλω*, from which the word 'hyperbole' is derived. The Greek substantive, it may be noted, occurs chiefly in the adverbial *καθ' ὑπερβολήν* = *par excellence*, which is found five times in the Epistles and in 2 Co 4⁷, where we have the phrase *καθ' ὑπερβολήν εἰς ὑπερβολήν*—a highly superlative expression translated by Moffatt, 'past all comparison'; but there are two interesting passages, 2 Co 4⁷ 12⁷, where *ὑπερβολή* is found as a qualitative noun denoting excellence. Nothing can be inferred from the use of *ὑπερβάλλω*, which, if a favourite with St. Paul, is yet the natural word to express the idea of pre-eminence or surpassingness, and is found as a participial epithet with *μέγεθος* (Eph 1¹⁹), *πλοῦτος* (*ib.* 2⁷), *ἀγάπη* (*ib.* 3¹⁹), where it further qualifies the succeeding *γνώσεως*, and finally in 2 Co 9¹⁴ with

χάρις.¹ In 2 Co 11²³, St. Paul uses the adverb *ὑπερβαλλόντως* as a variation on *περισσotέρω*s and *πόλλakis* in describing 'in mad fashion' (*παρὰ φρονῶν*), as it seems to himself, his labours, lashes, and imprisonments; and in the comparison of his record with that of would-be apostles, which has been, so to speak, forced on him, he piles up hyperbole beginning with the phrase *ὑπὲρ ἐγώ*, where *ὑπὲρ* is a prepositional adverb. The adverbial hyperbole appears to be a genuinely Pauline coinage in *ὑπερεκπερισσοῦ* in 1 Th 5¹³ (v.l. *ὑπερεκπερισσῶς*), 'exceeding highly,' R.V.; 'very highly,' A.V.; and in Eph 3²⁰, A.V. and R.V., 'exceeding abundantly.' The Ephesian Epistle, which is rich in hyperbole, gives us also *ὑπεράνω* (1²¹ 4¹⁰; found also in He 9⁵), translated 'far above' in A.V.: it is, however, possible that this is but a mark of Hellenistic style like *ὑποκάτω* and is not really intensive; but *ὑπερλίαν* in 2 Co 11⁵ as an adverbial epithet of the apostles, 'very chiefest,'

¹ There is an interesting use of *ὑπερβάλλω* in *The Oxyrhynchus Papyri* (Grenfell and Hunt), 513. 25, where it is found in the passive, of a house for which a higher bid has been made (*ὑπερβεβλήσθαι*).

R.V. (repeated *ib.* 12¹¹), is undoubtedly hyperbolic like *ὑπεράγαν*, which is found in 1 Clem. lvi. 2 with *ὑπέλιμος*.

So much for the adverbs: we turn now to the verbs and note the compounds—*ὑπεραίρω* (2 Co 12⁷, 2 Th 2⁴), *ὑπεραυξάνω* (2 Th 1³), *ὑπερεκτείνω* (2 Co 10¹⁴), *ὑπερνικάω* (Ro 8³⁷), *ὑπερπλεονάζω* (1 Ti 1¹⁴) and *ὑπερνώσω* (Ph 2⁴). It would be going too far to assert that this type of phraseology is peculiarly Pauline; for the Apostolic fathers give us *ὑπεραγαλλομαι*, *ὑπερδοξάζω*, *ὑπερεπαίνέω*, *ὑπεραγαπάω*, *ὑπερχαριστέω*, and *ὑπερσπουδάζω*. It is possible, of course, that the sub-apostolic writers unconsciously or even deliberately copied a mark of style which was familiar to them from its prominence in the Pauline letters. But it is a more probable explanation that such exaggerated forms of expression are due to the more free and popular Greek in which Early Christian literature was written. We cannot regard even *ὑπερνικάω* as a Pauline coinage with any certainty, though *ὑπερεκπερισσοῦ* may with some confidence be described as a hyperbole thrown off by St. Paul in a moment of ethical or spiritual emotion and therefore a speciality of his own. It is a somewhat subtle question how far popular style and the emotional mood or mentality of the individual writer affected the choice or creation of such hyperbolic expressions as have been cited above.

The dullness of this somewhat linguistic exordium will, I hope, be relieved if we now look at a few of the more familiar examples of those *ὑπερ*-verbs in St. Paul and attempt a brief exposition of them.

1. *ὑπερνικῶμεν διὰ τοῦ ἀγαπήσαντος ἡμᾶς* (Ro 8³⁷). Rendel Harris has translated the Greek in a manner which vividly represents the original to the English reader by 'we *over*-overcome.' Moffatt retains the beautiful 'we are more than conquerors' of the Geneva Version, found also in the A.V. and R.V. Tertullian and Cyprian (quoted by Sanday-Headlam, *in loc.*) translate the Greek by *supervincimus*—a coinage which certainly does more justice to St. Paul than the colourless *superamus* of the Vulgate. Tyndale's 'overcome strongly' is not as good as Coverdale's 'we conquer far.' The Christian life is a continuous victory—that is the first idea given by the word used in the present tense. The second idea is that it is not one of those victories which cost as much to the conqueror as to the conquered. There *is* a cost for victory to

the Christian, whether the fight be against sin or sorrow or life's disabilities. Victory leaves its mark on the body: it sometimes produces the reaction of mental depression: it puts us out of harmony with our surroundings: it modifies—sometimes breaks the relationships of a lifetime, and its immediate result may be a sense of loneliness almost too bitter to be borne. Yet these are but the accidents of the experience of spiritual conquest. Within the soul itself there is a reinforcement of faith, hope, and love; the will has received an added force: to quote Rendel Harris (*Memoranda Sacra*, p. 184), we 'rise the stronger for the strife even while we strive.' Moffatt quotes, *in loc.* (*Literary Illustrations of the Bible*), the saying of Nelson on the battle of the Nile, 'Victory is not a name strong enough for such a scene.' St. Paul likewise in effect says, 'Victory is not the name for the Christian's achievement': it is victory and something more: it is 'grace for grace': it is not merely a successful issue to which we 'muddle through' with much faltering and many errors; not a breathless impetus that just grips the point to be aimed at, like some rock-climber almost spent: it is an impetus that carries us beyond the issue, nerved and exhilarated, to meet the test that comes next. It is the love which Tennyson speaks of:

that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death.

2. *ὑπερπλέονασεν ἡ χάρις τοῦ κυρίου ἡμῶν* (1 Ti 1¹⁴). Here the simple verb 'would do to express the abounding fullness of the stream of divine grace.' 'The river of God is full of water,' says the Psalmist. To St. Paul the grace of Christ is a river 'in spate,' or an overflowing flood. Some such metaphor is necessary in rendering the word to which the A.V. 'was exceedingly abundant,' and the R.V., 'abounded exceedingly,' hardly do justice: hence the excellence of Moffatt's version, 'The grace of our Lord *flooded my life* along with the faith and love that Christ Jesus inspires.'

3. *διὸ καὶ ὁ Θεὸς αὐτὸν ὑπερῴψωσεν* (Ph 2⁹). 'God hath highly exalted him' (A.V. and R.V.): 'God raised him high' (Moffatt). I venture to think that each of these renderings might convey the impression that a colourless word like the uncompounded *ὑψώω* was in the text. The statement is a climax of no ordinary force and splendour coming as it does after the sublime passage—one of the greatest in all Christian literature and the source of theologies and homilies innumerable—in which St. Paul

expounded the Incarnation, in its progress from an externally pre-existent life to a humiliation in time and a voluntary obedience to the extent of death upon a cross. The words compress in wonderful fashion the essence of the Christian creed and also its ethic. A translation of the expression *ὑπερύψωσεν* adequate to its emotional intensity and majestic dignity is not easy; but I may quote the paraphrase which I had the good fortune recently to hear from the lips of Dr. Jas. H. Moulton, 'Wherefore God made him the SUPERMAN.' The Nietzschean ideal of colossal soulless efficiency, the aristocracy of scientific Intellectuals dead to love, pity, and self-sacrifice, vanishes like a hideous nightmare before the radiant Redeemer, whom a great artist of the Spirit has depicted with immortal beauty and sureness of touch. The soul of man yearns for One 'mighty to save,' because pre-eminent in Love, Regnant because crucified, Lord of humanity because obedient to death.

My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take :
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.¹

4. *ὑπερανέει ἡ πίστις ὑμῶν* (2 Th 1⁸). 'Your faith groweth exceedingly' (A.V. and R.V.); 'Your faith grows apace' (Moffatt). This great encourager

¹ E. Underhill.

of the saints does not use the simple *αὐξάνει*, but characteristically intensifies the idea. He even goes beyond the *πλεονάζει* which immediately succeeds and is connected with love (cf. another favourite word, *περισσεύειν*, also united with the idea of Christian love in 1 Th 4¹⁰). It is the *faith* of his converts which he singles out for his special praise in this passage. It not only grows, but grows in exceptional measure or ratio. By the apostle, indeed, Love and Faith can never be regarded as other than superabundant; he thinks of both in terms of superfluity, and like high Heaven,

rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more.

The Church has always had both; but has the Church ever yet risen to the height of the Pauline standard? Are we being lifted to it by the present crisis of the nations in despite of ourselves? Love certainly is quickening its pace and straining every effort in its awakened passion for service: it is obeying the call of duty and bearing sorrow and death in quietness. Is Faith equally alive? Is it arising and putting on its beautiful garments, aroused from torpor and faint-heartedness 'to mew its mighty youth'? There are signs that Faith will follow where Love is leading. Thousands already are learning in the anxieties and perplexities of a disordered world to lean on a Higher Power and to pray with Tennyson:

O Living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure.

Contributions and Comments.

The Divine Expositor.

'He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself.'—Lk 24²⁷.

No volume in His Hand, the Sacred Writings
Were fixed securely in His Memory's hold;
He could lose none, the Spirit's least inditings
He quotes, and tells the secret they enfold.
From Genesis to Malachi, He shows
Predictions of His birth, His life, His woes.

Sacred Expositor! Thou Heavenly Teacher!
O company with us, along life's road;

Point out the charms in Inspiration's feature—
Reflexions of Thy glory, Son of God!
Again, O Master, open up the Word,
And, in each chapter, may we find our Lord.

Our 'eyes are holden,' as *they* did not know Thee:
Open our eyes; show Divine Truth to us!
Clear to our vision types and shadows, so we
Perceive the hidden meaning glorious!
New travellers to Emmaus, Master teach!
Put Scripture 'mysteries' within our reach.

WILLIAM OLNEY.

'Resurrection.'

Ac 17³, ὅτι τὸν Χριστὸν ἔδει ἀναστῆναι.

Ac 17⁶, οἱ τὴν οἰκουμένην ἀναστατώσαντες.

'RESURRECTION' is a key-word in the Acts. The preaching of the idea of resurrection was one of the chief themes of the addresses which are recorded in the book. The thought of resurrection was presumably more or less novel to the bulk of the people to whom it was preached; the word ἀνάστασις was familiar, but used in a different sense. Still, as in itself it meant only 'raising up,' the apostles' use of it was quite unstrained and easy of apprehension.

The word ἀναστατώ was also, presumably, familiar to them, in a certain sense—to rouse into disorder. But in itself, it meant simply 'to rouse' or 'to raise,' and could be used in any sense to which *raise* or *rouse* was applicable.

Is there, then, any objection to supposing that its use in v.⁶ is based upon the use of the word ἀναστῆναι just above, a word so characteristic of the apostles' teaching? In this case, the passage in v.⁶ might perhaps be translated, 'These men who have "resurrected" the world.'

ARTHUR JONES.

Handsworth, Birmingham.

Archbishop Magee.

In justice to Archbishop Magee, it should be noted that he said he would rather see England free than sober *by Act of Parliament*.

JOHN L. OGLE.

Vicarage, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex.

Doubting Thomas.

In all the references to the character of Thomas which you have collected, with the exception of Dr. Adeney's estimate, the apostle's position is improperly isolated. In the first episode, all the disciples are equally pessimistic. When the Master speaks of duty and friendship, they still hesitate. What *distinguishes* Thomas from the rest is that he fully responds to the call. We usually regard this, not as pessimism, but as heroism.

In the second episode, again, Thomas is no more despondent than any of the others, as far as we can see. They are *all* distressed, and for excellent reasons. Peter, Thomas, and Philip ask questions which reveal their perplexity, and what *distinguishes* the questioners from the rest is not their sorrow, but their frankness.

In the third episode, Thomas is no more of a doubter than any of the rest. This comes out very clearly, if Luke's account be read along with that of John. The apostles disbelieved the witness of the women. When Jesus Himself appeared to them they thought it was a ghost. They had to touch Him before they were satisfied. Thomas disbelieved them, just as they had disbelieved the women. They would say, 'But we touched Him with our own hands!' 'Very well,' was the reply. 'When I have touched Him as you have, I will believe.' Of course this is doubt, but it is doubt of exactly the same sort as that which all the apostles felt. What *distinguishes* Thomas from the rest is the sweep of his vision, and the adequacy of his response.

T. STEPHENSON.

Aberystwyth.

Psalms cxvi. 1.

I.

'I will lift up mine eyes to the hills:

From whence shall my help come?'—Ps 121¹.

THE note of T. H. Weir on this verse in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES of November 1915 decides in favour of a modified or indirect question; but only by supplying—what is not inadmissible—the words 'in order to see.'

There is, however, another explanation which has for years appeared to me the right one. It is based on an inference from Jer 3²³, 'Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains: truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel' (cf. 1 K 20²³ for a similar idea of help coming from the gods of the hills). The force of the passage is: 'Suppose I look to the hills,—from whence should my help come? Nay, rather, I will look to Jahweh, from whom indeed I may expect help.' Cheyne, in his pocket edition of the Psalms (1883), and Kay come near to this in their translations or paraphrases, for they translate 'shall my help come?' 'should my help come?' But they both fall into

the very natural mistake of regarding the hills as the hills of Judah, and as the true source of help; whereas Jer 3²³ regards the hills as a rival but fruitless source of relief. The contrast in Jeremiah is thus exactly parallel both in form and in meaning to that in Ps 121¹.

H. G. GREY.

Oxford.

II.

This seems to yield excellent sense as it stands in R.V.: 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains: from whence shall my help come?' Such a cry might be from an exile on the plains, taunted by his captor, 'The ancient high places are ours in possession,' and needing the comfort given in Ezk 36. On the other hand, it may have sprung from the fears of some townsman, who, like Gaal in Shechem, sees men coming down from the tops of the mountains, or hears of invaders whose chariots have rumbled over the pass, halting across the valley to menace his home. Whatever its origin, it could be appropriately adopted by a pilgrim obliged to traverse a defile on his way to the holy city. Readers of Judith know what an obvious military operation it was to seize upon the ascents of the hill country, because by them was the entrance into Judea; and it was easy to stop travellers from approaching, inasmuch as the approach was narrow, with space for two men at the most. Even in Roman times, the Samaritans did thus waylay and slaughter the passover pilgrims (Jos. *Ant.* xx. vi. 2).

W. T. WHITLEY.

Preston.

Hebrews xi. 27.

Τὸν γὰρ ἄόρατον ὡς ὁρῶν ἐκατέρησεν. In connexion with these words it is worth notice that καρτερεῖν

in Plutarch sometimes has the sense of maintaining a fixed unmoved gaze. Thus in the account of the execution of Titus and Tiberius Brutus before their father's eyes we read:

Τῶν μὲν ἄλλων οὐ δυναμένων προσορᾶν οὐδὲ καρτερούντων, ἐκείνον δὲ λέγεται μῆτε τὰς ὄψεις ἀπαγαγεῖν ἀλλαχόσε μὴτ' οἷκτω τι τρέψαι τῆς περὶ τὸ πρόσωπον ὁργῆς καὶ βαρύτητος κ.τ.λ. (i. 99. F.).

In ii. 681. C. he tells us that curlews avoid people suffering from jaundice owing to the fact that if their eyes meet the disease is transferred from man to bird:

ὅθεν οὐ προσβλέπουσιν οἱ χαραδριοὶ τοὺς τὸν ἵκτερον ἔχοντας οὐδὲ καρτεροῦσιν, ἀλλ' ἀποστρέφονται καὶ τὰ ὄμματα συγκλείσαντες ἔχουσιν.

Here the most obvious rendering is 'endure their gaze.'

With these passages we may compare i. 996. F., where we are told that Brutus complained that his friends in Rome

καρτερεῖν, ὁρῶντας καὶ παρόντας, ἃ μὴδ' ἀκούειν αὐτοῖς ἀνεκτὸν ἦν.

We find, then, that when the Epistle to the Hebrews was written καρτερεῖν could convey the idea of *beholding unmoved by pity, fear, or indignation*.

In the third passage it is *deeds* that are so beheld, in the second *persons*, in the first either deeds or persons. So Luther, Bengel, and others may well be right in taking τὸν ἄόρατον as governed by ἐκατέρησεν, but the meaning would seem to be 'kept his eyes upon' rather than 'clung to.'

G. H. WHITAKER.

Souldern Rectory, Oxon.

Entre Nous.

Edith Sitwell.

There are just five poems in Miss Sitwell's new book, *The Mother, and Other Poems* (Blackwell; 6d. net). But quantity is of no account in poetry. One poem is worth an octavo volume of verse. And these five are poems.

James Stephens.

How long does it take for a poet to become popular? How long did it take Tennyson? How long did it take Browning? James Stephens is neither a Tennyson nor a Browning, but he is a poet, and he has written and published five volumes

of poetry—it is time he were known. The new volume is a surprise. The second half of it contains poems that have received their impulse from the author's love of Dublin city. And yet it contains this :

THE DODDER BANK.

When no flower is nigh, you might
Spy a weed with deep delight;
So, when far from saints and bliss,
God might give a sin a kiss.

But it is the first part that is the surprise. It gives the book its title: *The Adventures of Seumas Beg* (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). Now Seumas Beg is a small child, gifted with some curiosity and much imagination; and the surprise is that the poems are so childlike that Seumas Beg might have written them himself. How natural is this :

BREAKFAST TIME.

The sun is always in the sky
Whenever I get out of bed,
And I often wonder why
It's never late.—My sister said
She did not know who did the trick,
And that she did not care a bit,
And I should eat my porridge quick.
. . . I think it's mother wakens it.

And how imaginatively real is this :

THE DEVIL'S BAG.

I saw the Devil walking down the lane
Behind our house. There was a heavy bag
Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and the
rain

Sizzled when it hit him. He picked a rag
Up from the ground and put it in his
sack,

And grinned and rubbed his hands.

There was a thing
Moving inside the bag upon his back—
It must have been a soul! I saw it fling
And twist about inside, and not a hole
Or cranny for escape! Oh, it was sad!
I cried, and shouted out, '*Let out that
soul!*'

But he turned round, and, sure, his face went
mad,

And twisted up and down, and he said '*Hell!*'
And ran away . . . Oh, mammy!

I'm not well.

Lincoln Colcord.

Mr. Colcord is the author of a long poem after the manner of Walt Whitman, of which the title is *Vision of War* (Macmillan; 5s. 6d. net). With Whitman as with Wordsworth, it is either a hit or a miss. Mr. Colcord, if he never reaches the heights of either, never descends to their depths. Here is a stanza on the place of Religion in human life :

Religion is the indispensable necessity of man—
religion is the soul;

Religion is belief—without belief, I die;

For consciousness shall never be explained—and
life is marvellous—and birth is life's abundant
miracle—and at the end stands death—
and the soul's destiny beyond—and God
beyond;

But I may eat and drink my faith, and never
die.

Nothing exists, occurs, or has its being, except
by virtue of its conception in the spirit;

Everything, in the last analysis, is a religious
manifestation;

Everything that is thought, is thought for a
religious reason—everything that is done, is
done for a religious reason;

England is a religious reason—Germany is a
religious reason;

Man is brought forth out of the womb for a
religious reason—his character is altogether
made up of religious reasons—his death is
a religious reason;

(Lack of religion is the profoundest religious
reason of all.)

John Oxenham.

'*All's Well!*' is the title which Mr. Oxenham has given to his volume of war poems (Methuen; rs. net). He dedicates the volume 'To my son Hugo, 2nd Lieutenant, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and to all his comrades in arms. Mr. Oxenham writes poetry and he has faith in God, and these two go together better than some people think. For those who are at the front this is his prayer :

LORD, SAVE THEIR SOULS ALIVE!

Lord, save their souls alive!
And—for the rest,—
We leave it all to Thee;
Thou knowest best.

Whether they live or die,
Safely they'll rest,
Every true soul of them,
Thy Chosen Guest.

Whether they live or die,
They chose the best,
They sprang to Duty's call,
They stood the test.

If they come back to us—
How grateful we!
If not,—we may not grieve;
They are with Thee.

No soul of them shall fail,
Whate'er the past.
Who dies for Thee and Thine
Wins Thee at last.

Who, through the fiery gates,
Enter Thy rest,
Greet them as conquerors,—
Bravest and best!

Every white soul of them,
Ransomed and blest,—
Wear them as living gems,
Bear them as living flames,
High on Thy breast!

J. E. Livock.

Songs and Lyrics of the Inner Life (Jarrold) are divided into Morning Songs, Noontide Songs, Afternoon Songs, Eventide Songs, A Group of Sonnets, and In Memoriam. This is one of the Afternoon Songs:

NEVERTHELESS I AM CONTINUALLY WITH THEE.
Strong words for thee, dear pilgrim on life's
journey,
Howe'er oppressed by fears thy soul may'st be;
Take heart of grace once more, forsooth thou
goest
In peerless company.

And if through sad defection of thy nature,
Thou walkedst orphaned of the touch Divine,
'Nevertheless' must be thy faith's wide doorway
Through which God's light will shine.

Muriel Stuart.

There is no poem in *Christ at Carnival* (Jenkins; 3s. 6d. net) that moves us as the poem which gives the book its name. Its theme is the following of Christ. How is He to be followed? By renouncing family and escaping to a nunnery, or by renouncing self and taking up life's everyday drudgery?

Go back, thou hast two children in thy
house;

Breaking thy holy vows,
Didst think to find thy God in mummeries,
Finding it not with whom Christ said: 'Of
these'

A child is but a shell upon Life's shore,
Fragile, rose-kissed, yet holding for thine ears
Raging of seas, and roaring of the spheres.
Thou hadst no need too heavenward to look up,
Thou discontented soul.

Behold Christ's milky mouth in the china
cup,
Christ's hand that tips the blue-rimmed porridge
bowl!

The rest are lighter, but there is melody in every
one of them.

Eva Gore-Booth.

Miss Gore-Booth is one of the band of Irish poets who are so individual and yet so unmistakable; who being Irish will never found a school, but are manifestly going to make it necessary for the future writer of English literature to find a place for them. Her new book is *The Perilous Light* (Erskine Macdonald; 1s. net). Here are six stanzas from

THE BODY TO THE SOUL.

Oh, soul, when you mount to your flame-built
throne,

Will you dream no dream of the broken
clay?

Will you breathe o'er the stars on your pathway
strown

No sigh for the daisies of yesterday?

As you wander the shining corridors,
 A lonely wave in the ocean of light,
 Have you never a thought of the lake's lost
 shores,
 Or the fire-lit cottage dim and white?

Shall not the dear smell of the rain-wet soil
 Through the windless spheres and the silence
 float?
 Shall not my hands that are brown with toil
 Take your dreams and high desires by the
 throat?

Behold, I reach forth from beyond the years,
 I will cry to you from beneath the sod,
 I will drag you back from the starry spheres,
 Yea, down from the very bosom of God.

You cannot hide from the sun and the wind,
 Or the whispered song of the April rain;
 The proud earth that moulds all things to her
 mind,
 Shall gather you out of the deeps again.

You shall follow once more a wandering fire,
 You shall gaze again on the star-lit sea,
 You shall gather roses out of the mire,
 Alas, but you shall not remember me!

Stephen Phillips.

The poem with which Mr. Phillips' new book—*Panama, and Other Poems* (Lane; 4s. 6d. net)—opens, is an earnest entreaty to the United States Government to make the great canal an instrument of international goodwill. It is a good poem, but there are better. This is better, this sonnet so reminiscent of Blanco White's sonnet on 'Night and Death,' although its end is so unhappily pessimistic:

DEATH AND DREAMS.

Beside you though I lie, alone I dream,
 To what a distance in a moment hurled!
 While on the couch so nigh to you I seem,
 My soul is travelling fast a different world,
 Though through the day in field or traffic-
 thunder

Rarely we wander with divided feet;
 By night how suddenly are we asunder!
 In mine your hand is, yet we may not
 meet.

And fearful then I grow lest you or I,
 If but a dream can make us strangers
 quite,
 In dream should wander whence we cannot
 fly,
 Nor in this earthly house again unite.
 If sleep can so estrange, an eyelid's close,
 Then what a sheer farewell may Death im-
 pose!

Poems on War.

Professor W. Knight has gathered together a second volume of poems on War under the title of *Pro Patria et Rege* (Century Press; 2s. 6d. net). The poems are old and new. They range from Addison to George Edward Woodberry. Reading them steadily forward one is struck with their unabashed paganism. They glorify war and such qualities as physical courage, but how rarely do things that are higher than strife and division come within their ken. Only Alfred Noyes of the moderns that are here keeps the vision quite undimmed. This is Christian:

The world rolls on; and love and peace are
 mated:

Still on the breast of England, like a star,
 The blood-red lonely heath blows, consecrated,
 A brooding practice-ground for blood-red war.

Yet is there nothing out of tune with Nature
 There, where the skylark showers his earliest
 song,
 Where sun and wind have moulded every
 feature,
 And one world-music bears each note along.

There many a brown-winged kestrel swoops or
 hovers

In poised and patient quest of his own
 prey;
 And there are fern-clad glens where happy
 lovers
 May kiss the murmuring summer noon away.

There, as the primal earth was, all is glorious,
 Perfect, and wise, and wonderful in view
 Of that great heaven through which we rise
 victorious
 O'er all that strife and change and death
 can do.

No nation yet has risen o'er earth's first nature ;
 Though love illumed each individual mind,
 Like some half-blind, half-formed primeval creature

The State still crawled a thousand years behind.

Still on the standards of the great World-Powers
 Lion and bear and eagle sullenly brood,
 Whether the slow folds flap o'er halcyon hours
 Or stream tempestuously o'er fields of blood.

The Beginnings of Toynbee Hall.

Mrs. S. A. Barnett has gathered into one considerable volume a large number of papers and articles by her husband, Canon Barnett, and herself. The volume forms a new series of *Practical Socialism* (Longmans; 6s. net). It might have been called 'Practised Socialism,' there is so little theorizing; there is so much self-sacrifice and service. The papers are brought together under comprehensive titles—Religion, Recreation, Settlements, Poverty and Labour, Social Service, Education. What sort of life does it lead us into? This, by Mrs. Barnett herself, is a fair example:

'How did the idea of a University Settlement arise?' 'What was the beginning?' are questions so often asked by Americans, Frenchmen, Belgians, or the younger generations of earnest English people, that it seems worth while to reply in print, and to trundle one's mind back to those early days of effort and loneliness before so many bore the burden and shared the anxiety. The fear is that in putting pen to paper on matters which are so closely bound up with our own lives, the sin of egotism will be committed, or that a special plant, which is still growing, may be damaged, as even weeds are if their roots are looked at. And yet in the tale which has to be told there is so much that is gladdening and strengthening to those who are fighting apparently forlorn causes that I venture to tell it in the belief that to some our experiences will give hope.

In the year 1869, Mr. Edward Denison took up his abode in East London. He did not stay long nor accomplish much, but as he breathed the air of the people he absorbed something of their sufferings, saw things from their standpoint, and, as his letters in his memoirs show, made frequent suggestions for social remedies. He was the first settler, and was followed by the late Mr. Edmund

Holland, to whom my husband and I owe our life in Whitechapel. He was ever on the outlook for men and women who cared for the people, and hearing that we wished to come Eastward, wrote to Dr. Jackson, then Bishop of London, when the living of St. Jude's fell vacant in the autumn of 1872, and asked that it might be offered to Mr. Barnett, who was at that time working as Curate at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, with Mr. Fremantle, now the Dean of Ripon. I have the Bishop's letter, wise, kind, and fatherly, the letter of a general sending a young captain to a difficult outpost. 'Do not hurry in your decision,' he wrote, 'it is the worst parish in my diocese, inhabited mainly by a criminal population, and one which has, I fear, been much corrupted by doles.'

How well I remember the day Mr. Barnett and I first came to see it!—a sulky sort of drizzle filled the atmosphere; the streets, dirty and ill-kept, were crowded with vicious and bedraggled people, neglected children, and over-driven cattle. The whole parish was a network of courts and alleys, many houses being let out in furnished rooms at 8d. a night—a bad system, which lent itself to every form of evil, to thriftless habits, to untidiness, to loss of self-respect, to unruly living, to vicious courses.

We did not 'hurry in our decision,' but just before Christmas, 1872, Mr. Barnett became vicar. A month later we were married, and took up our life-work on 6 March, 1873, accompanied by our friend Edward Leonard, who joined us, 'to do what he could'; his 'could' being ultimately the establishment of the Whitechapel Committee of the Charity Organization Society, and a change in the lives and ideals of a large number of young people, whom he gathered round him to hear of the Christ he worshipped.

It would sound like exaggeration if I told my memories of those times. The previous vicar had had a long and disabling illness, and all was out of order. The church, unserved by either curate or officials, was empty, dirty, unwarmed. Once the platform of popular preachers, Mr. Hugh Allen and Mr. (now Bishop) Thornton, it had had huge galleries built to accommodate the crowds who came from all parts of London to hear them—galleries which blocked the light, and made the subsequent emptiness additionally oppressive. The schools were closed, the schoolrooms all but devoid of furniture, the parish organization nil; no mothers' meeting,

no Sunday school, no communicants' class, no library, no guilds, no music, no classes, nothing alive. Around this barren empty shell surged the people, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Thieves and worse, receivers of stolen goods, hawkers, casual dock labourers, every sort of unskilled low-class cadger congregated in the parish. There was an Irish quarter and a Jews' quarter, while whole streets were given over to hangers-on of a vicious population, people whose conduct was brutal, whose ideal was idleness, whose habits were disgusting, and among whom goodness was laughed at, the honest man and the right-living woman being scorned as impracticable. Robberies, assaults, and fights in the streets were frequent; and to me, a born coward, it grew into a matter of distress when we became sufficiently well known in the parish for our presence to stop, or at least to moderate, a fight; for then it seemed a duty to join the crowd, and not to follow one's nervous instincts and pass by on the other side. I recall one breakfast being disturbed by three fights outside the Vicarage. We each went to one, and the third was hindered by a hawker friend who had turned verger, and who fetched the distant policeman, though he evidently remained doubtful as to the value of interference.

We began our work very quietly and simply: opened the church (the first congregation was made up of six or seven old women, all expecting doles for coming), restarted the schools, established relief committees, organized parish machinery, and tried to cauterize, if not to cure, the deep cancer of dependence which was embedded in all our parishioners alike, lowering the best among them and degrading the worst. At all hours, and on all days, and with every possible pretext, the people came and begged. To them we were nothing but the source from which to obtain tickets, money, or food; and so confident were they that help would be forthcoming that they would allow themselves to get into circumstances of suffering or distress easily foreseen, and then send round and demand assistance.

I can still recall my emotions when summoned to a sick woman in Castle Alley, an alley long since pulled down, where the houses, three stories high, were hardly six feet apart; the sanitary accommodation—pits in the cellars; and the whole place only fit for the condemnation it got directly Cross's Act was passed. This alley, by the way, was in

part the cause of Cross's Act, so great an impression did it make on Lord Cross (then Mr. Cross), when Mr. Barnett induced him to come down and see it.

In this stinking alley, in a tiny dirty room, all the windows broken and stuffed up, lay the woman who had sent for me. There were no bedclothes; she lay on a sacking covered with rags.

'I do not know you,' said I, 'but I hear you want to see me.'

'No, ma'am!' replied a fat beer-sodden woman by the side of the bed, producing a wee, new-born baby; 'we don't know yer, but 'ere's the babby, and in course she wants clothes, and the mother comforts like. So we jist sent round to the church.'

This was a compliment to the organization which represented Christ, but one which showed how sunken was the character which could not make even the simplest provision for an event which must have been expected for months, and which even the poorest among the respectable counts sacred.

The refusal of the demanded doles made the people very angry. Once the Vicarage windows were broken, once we were stoned by an angry crowd, who also hurled curses at us as we walked down a criminal-haunted street, and howled out as a climax to their wrongs, 'And it's us as pays 'em.' But we lived all this down, and as the years went by reaped a harvest of love and gratitude which is one of the gladdest possessions of our lives, and is quite disproportionate to the service we have rendered. But this is the end of the story, and I must go back to the beginning.

In a parish which occupies only a few acres, and was inhabited by 8000 persons, we were confronted by some of the hardest problems of city life. The housing of the people, the superfluity of unskilled labour, the enforcement of resented education, the liberty of the criminal classes to congregate and create a low public opinion, the administration of the Poor Law, the amusement of the ignorant, the hindrances to local government (in a neighbourhood devoid of the leisured and cultured), the difficulty of uniting the unskilled men and women in trade unions, the necessity for stricter Factory Acts, the joylessness of the masses, the hopefulness of the young—all represented difficult problems, each waiting for a solution and made complicated by the apathy of the poor,

who were content with an unrighteous contentment and patient with an ungodly patience. These were not the questions to be replied to by doles, nor could the problem be solved by kind acts to individuals nor by the healing of the suffering, which was but the symptom of the disease.

In those days these difficulties were being dealt with mainly by good, kind women, generally elderly; few men, with the exception of the clergy and noted philanthropists, as Lord Shaftesbury, were interested in the welfare of the poor, and economists rarely joined close experience with their theories.

'If men, cultivated, young, thinking men, could only know of these things they would be altered,' I used to say, with girlish faith in human goodwill—a faith which years has not shaken; and in the spring of 1875 we went to Oxford, partly to tell about the poor, partly to enjoy 'eights week' with a group of young friends. Our party was planned by Miss Toynbee, whom I had met when at school, and whose brother Arnold was then an undergraduate at Pembroke. Our days were filled with the hospitality with which Oxford still rejoices its guests; but in the evenings we used to drop quietly down the river with two or three earnest men, or sit long and late in our lodgings in the Turl, and discuss the mighty problems of poverty and the people.

How vividly Canon Barnett and I can recall each and all of the first group of 'thinking men,' so ready to take up enthusiasms in their boyish strength—Arnold Toynbee, Sidney Ball, W. H. Forbes, Arthur Hoare, Leonard Montefiore, Alfred Milner, Philip Gell, John Falk, G. E. Underhill, Ralph Whitehead, Lewis Nettleship! Some of these are still here, and caring for our people, but others have passed behind the veil, where perhaps earth's sufferings are explicable.

We used to ask each undergraduate as he developed interest to come and stay in Whitechapel, and see for himself. And they came, some to spend a few weeks, some for the Long Vacation, while others, as they left the University and began their life's work, took lodgings in East London, and felt all the fascination of its strong pulse of life, hearing, as those who listen always may, the hushed, unceasing moans underlying the cry which ever and anon makes itself heard by an unheeding public.

From that first visit to Oxford in the 'eights week' of 1875, date many visits to both the Uni-

versities. Rarely a term passed without our going to Oxford, where the men who had been down to East London introduced us to others who might do as they had done. Sometimes we stayed with Dr. Jowett, the immortal Master of Balliol, sometimes we were the guests of the undergraduates, who would get up meetings in their rooms, and organize innumerable breakfasts, teas, river excursions, and other opportunities for introducing the subject of the duty of the cultured to the poor and degraded.

No organization was started, no committee, no society, no club formed. We met men, told them of the needs of the out-of-sight poor; and many came to see Whitechapel and stayed to help it. And so eight years went by—our Oxford friends laughingly called my husband the 'unpaid professor of social philosophy.'

In June 1883, we were told by Mr. Moore Smith that some men at St. John's College at Cambridge were wishful to do something for the poor, but that they were not quite prepared to start an ordinary College Mission. Mr. Barnett was asked to suggest some other possible and more excellent way. The letter came as we were leaving for Oxford, and was slipped with others into my husband's pocket. Soon something went wrong with the engine and delayed the train so long that the passengers were allowed to get out. We seated ourselves on the railway bank, just then glorified by masses of large ox-eyed daisies, and there he wrote a letter suggesting that men might hire a house, where they could come for short or long periods, and, living in an industrial quarter, learn to 'sup sorrow with the poor.' The letter pointed out that close personal knowledge of individuals among the poor must precede wise legislation for remedying their needs, and that as English local government was based on the assumption of a leisured cultivated class, it was necessary to provide it artificially in those regions where the line of leisure was drawn just above sleeping hours, and where the education ended at thirteen years of age and with the three R's.

That letter founded Toynbee Hall.

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